

THE LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Volume 22

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, OCTOBER, 1945

Number 1

Activities Drive Reaches Successful Climax

The annual activities ticket drive at Lincoln High School reached a successful climax after two weeks of hard striving. Each ticket holder is entitled to thirty activities.

The first pep assembly of the school year was held September 27 in the gymnasium for the purpose of spurring the sale of activities tickets. Mq Lynk was master of ceremonies.

The swing band and the orchestra combined, helped to start things rolling, although there was some difficulty at first quieting the student body.

Mr. Tillman, chairman of the Activities Committee, gave the students an idea of what a miracle is by saying that a cow sitting on a thistle whistling like a mocking bird was the same as getting 30 activities for \$2.50.

The slogan for the sales campaign this year was "30 for \$2.50."

Up to the assembly period \$599 worth of tickets had been sold.

The football team, the Callotype, the Student Council, the dramatics department, the swing band, the majorettes, etc., gave the student body an idea of what to expect for their money.

Smothers, and Dunlap are the only 100% advisories.

The two dark horses of the campaign were Washington's and Anderson's advisories.

590 tickets were sold.

Saturday Class in Theatre Arts to Begin at Nelson-Atkins Art Gallery October 13

Nelson-Atkins Art Gallery announces that a new class in theatre arts is being offered to boys and girls whose ages range from twelve to sixteen years, this fall and winter, beginning October 13.

During the winter season the group will produce two plays which will be given in Atkins Auditorium at the Gallery on the Saturday afternoon series of children's programs. Miss Barbara Paslove will be the director, and Miss Cecile Burton will be the adviser.

Registration for the classes will take place in Kirkwood Hall, Nelson Art Gallery, at ten o'clock, Saturday, October 13.

The class is limited to twenty-five members. The fee is \$5.50. High school and junior high school boys and girls who are interested in theatre arts are invited to register for this course.

SENIOR HI-Y ELECTS OFFICERS

On September 24, at the Y. M. C. A., the Senior Hi-Y boys elected their officers for the school year. The officers elected are: President, William Hayden; Vice President, Waymon Killingworth; Secretary, Ernest Blackman; Treasurer, Roy Bell; Devotional Leader, Tyson Williams.

The president appointed a committee to adopt the constitution.

Mr. C. R. Anderson, the sponsor, and the boys carried out many activities last year.

Lincoln High School Student Delegate for Conference in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Ida Govan, a senior at Lincoln High School, attended the United Christian Youth Movement at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, which met from August 20 to September 1. Ida was the only Negro representative from Kansas City. Of the 250 delegates only twenty were Negroes. Ida was sent through the Kansas City Council of Churches.

The activities in which the conference engaged were recreation, work projects, interest groups, denominational and state meetings.

The recreation period gave the delegates the opportunity to play together and learn new recreational methods for use in their home churches and communities.

Each afternoon an hour was given to work projects. The purpose of these projects was three-fold: To develop richer fellowship through sharing in a worthwhile task; to perform some physical labor and to accomplish something worthwhile for the improvement of the camp or in the service to war victims.

During the late afternoon or evening, opportunities were provided for informal discussion groups or personal conferences with the faculty on questions arising out of the seminars, problems on personal religious living, and hobbies.

Time was given for discussion by denominational and state groups of their programs and effective means for relating these organizations to the United Christian Youth Movement.

During the conference the delegates visited Yerkes Observatory, which has the second largest refractor in the world.

The 250 students have adopted an eleven-year-old Italian boy to whom they send enough money to supply him with school materials, and clothing for a year. His parents were killed during the war.

When the group meets next year they will have a Negro co-president whose name is Elizabeth Edmudson. She is from Detroit, Michigan.

Dramatic Students Attend KMBC Tryouts

On Tuesday, September 25, Mr. Morrison took five dramatic students to the KMBC studio for tryouts for a permanent workshop group of high school students. This workshop, composed of representatives of all the high schools in the city, under the direction of Miss Castle of Southwest High School and the KMBC dramatic staff, will present programs each week during the school year.

LaVerne Blagburn, Mamie Miller, Rufus Miller, Mary Jean Walton and Betty Tollett, each representing a different type of characterization, were the students selected. Representatives from two other high schools were in the studio at the same time. La Verne Blagburn received one of the highest scores given and was especially commended for her dramatic scene. All of our students made a good impression with the judges.

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WE MUST WIN THE PEACE

The war is won and there is the task of winning the peace. If we are to win the peace there must be cooperation between countries and governments as well as individuals.

The present war was made possible by the fact that so many people in France, Britain, and the United States said, "Am I my brothers' keeper?" When Japan attacked China, Italy attacked Ethiopia, and Germany annexed Czechoslovakia.

People must learn to get along together and to concern themselves about what happens to others. The feeling of superiority must be done away with if there is to be equality and fraternity among men. Unless there is a sense of brotherhood and love among men there will be dissatisfaction and conflict, which are enemies of peace.

In a successful and peaceful government all the people must be satisfied. Unless they are, there can be no peace.

IF YOU PLEASE

The Callotype promises to be as interesting as possible during this year. Its staff assures the students of Lincoln High School that they will do everything possible to please and satisfy the student reader.

The Callotype has five reporters at your service. They are as follows: Oscar Gibson, covering the first floor; Betty Brown for the second; Gertrude Kelly for the third and cafeteria, and Geraldine Cansler for the Junior College.

OH! LINCOLN HIGH!

Oh, Lincoln High! Oh, Lincoln High!
Though from thy guiding paths we stray,
Your memories will cheer the way,
Oh, Lincoln High, Oh, Lincoln High!
Oh, Lincoln High, Oh, Lincoln High!

LINCOLN TRAMPLES LEXINGTON 20-0

By complete cooperation, Lincoln trampled to victory over Lexington by a score of 20-0 on Lincoln Field.

The first touchdown of the game was made by Conrad Buckner on an end run. One of the longest runs of the game was made by Mark Tatum in the first quarter. It began with Conrad Buckner handing the ball to Mark who ran around right end, dodging and ducking until he was finally tackled about 15 yards from the goal. The last touchdown was made by Robert Martin in a line plunge.

Jabberwock and Jive

Marjorie Cox is looking for some one to love. (Anyone will do.)

"He's My Guy," croons Nellie Martin about Donald King. (Nice guy Nellie.)

It seems as though A. D. Davis likes to play football. (Get the stretcher ready, boys.)

"Til the end of Time," says Ernest "Lovable" Lee Jr., to Virginia Starks.

Miss Willoughby's foods classes are driving her nuts. (Poor thing, I wish we could help her.)

Frances Shipley is a one-man woman.

"That's the Way It Is," sings Maxine Johnson, to Ulysses Thompson (of the windy city Chicago).

Connie Buckner and Betty Hemmitt are called the love birds of Lincoln High School.

"Shy Guy," is Samuel Hamer these days.

"My Lips Remember Your Kisses," moans Paul Smith to Helen Roy.

"Times A-Wasting," Ernestine Campbell warns Seymour Hill.

Ruby Saunders and Rufus Miller are seen walking the halls in a daze together.

"Everything But You," croons Vernon Ward to Barbara Love.

"I Just Love That Guy," says Barbara Butler about Harold Chapman.

"I Wonder," ponders Rosetta Sims about Roy Jackson.

"What More Can a Woman Do," says Gwendolyn White to George Ross.

"Who's Been Fooling You," asks Tommie Adams of Mamie Miller.

"That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch," says Beverly Clark to Leonard Mackrel.

Kenneth Mills is going for "sharp" this year. Why is he and Catherine Smith always arguing?

"Together," are Freddie Stevenson and Mark Tatum.

"I Fall in Love Too Easily," says John Gray.

"AND I WILL BE HEARD"

Today I speak to you at home, on the street, at school, or wherever you might be.

Before I continue let me explain who I am. I am a NEGRO CIVILIAN. Yes, I am thirteen million strong. In spite of all the wrong and disgraceful things Senator Bilbo said about me, I am human, and before many more years I will be heard.

I also helped to win the war. I collected waste paper, scrap metal and bought war bonds. I wrote encouraging letters that meant so much to my sweetheart overseas. Yes, I did all of those things in addition to fighting beside my countrymen.

I, too, saw blood being shed. I, too, went to many strange places, saw and heard languages that I knew nothing of, faces and actions, also. I went because Uncle Sam, your Uncle and mine, said "You are 1A, my son." Well, God in heaven knows I didn't mind much, because I figured that this was my country, too, and I wanted to fight to protect those yet unborn, hoping that they will not have to face the same things that I now face.

I suppose I will let this be all, but remember, before long, "I WILL BE HEARD."

"THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH"

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.—Charles Lamb.

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Number 2

Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King Holds Press Conference with High School Students

Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King was the highlight of a recent press conference held on Navy Day, October 27, when he was interviewed by approximately twenty-five Kansas City high school students and numerous newspaper and radio reporters in the penthouse of the Hotel Muehlbach in downtown Kansas City.

Admiral King made it known that the navy intends to carry out two experiments with the atomic bomb, one under water and another above the surface. Approximately forty or fifty ships of various types will be used for the experiments.

The Admiral also stated that he was very much in favor of universal military training.

Mattie Shields and Robert Anderson represented Lincoln High School.

LHS TEACHER WRITES STORY

Miss Octavia Wynbush, English teacher at Lincoln High School, has written a story, "The Black Streak," which was published in the October issue of the Crisis magazine.

The story deals with color prejudice in a quadroon family although the woman in the story is seeking racial equality, she has not conquered her own dislike for the darker members of her race.

R. O. T. C. Participates in Presenting Colors to General Wainwright

November 5, the Lincoln R. O. T. C. participated in presenting the colors to General Jonathan M. Wainwright at the Municipal airport. Four R. O. T. C. members from each high school were present. Those from Lincoln were Privates Harold Holman, Thomas Randal, Sergeants Perrie Gaines and Roy Gibbs.

OVER THE DESK

Forty-five Junior College students enjoyed a visit to Park College on Saturday, November 3. Small interest sections of the group attended classes, participated in discussions, dined in the Commons as special guests of the family-like tables, toured the campus, watched a game of soccer. Some students stayed for the night party. The contact benefited L. J. C. and Park students alike, helped build inter-racial understanding. (Both of us are supposed to have the same culture.)

Fire drills are becoming more orderly. Two minutes and forty-two seconds is good time.

We hope that Lincoln High School may be of service to large numbers of returning veterans. Classes in salesmanship, bookkeeping, accounting, insurance, business methods, use of business machines, industrial chemistry might be offered in addition to the courses provided by R. T. Coles. These veterans' classes could become part of the terminal offerings of Junior College.

Current crazes: girls' jeans with legs rolled high; plastic tube water pistols. The latter makes for untidy floors; needless disorder.

G. T. B.

Lincoln Streaks to Victory Over Coles

The Lincoln Tigers met the Cole Jeeps at Ruppert Stadium Thursday night, November 8, and streaked to victory with a score of 20-0.

Lincoln kicked to Coles at the beginning of the game. Then Lincoln got the ball and Big Martin plunged for the touchdown and the extra point, making the score 7-0. The next touchdown was also made by Martin and the extra point was made by Buckner, who threw a pass to Lincoln Jackson making the score 14-0.

In the last quarter, Lincoln's players had the ball. They formed the line and the ball was snapped. Buckner received it and turned around. La Verne came around and took it from Buckner and was off for a touchdown. Coles' players were stumped on this play because they did not know who had the ball. The score was 20-0, in Lincoln's favor.

Lincoln Tramples Lexington 14-6

The Lincoln Blue Tigers trampled the Lexington Tigers on Lexington's home field Friday, November 2. The score was Lincoln 14, Lexington 6.

The game started with Lincoln kicking off to Lexington, but Lexington lost the ball. Buckner threw a pass. Lucas received and was off for a touchdown. Martin made the extra point making the score 7-0. Martin made another touchdown and extra point making the score 14-0. Lexington got a touchdown, making the score 14-6.

LINCOLN BOWS TO SUMNER 24-6

Sumner beat Lincoln by a score of 24-6 at Ruppert Stadium, October 25.

Lincoln made the first touchdown in the first quarter of the game when "Big Martin" intercepted a pass and ran 70 yards.

In the second quarter Coffee of Sumner made two touchdowns—one from the 3-yard line and one from the 35-yard line.

The Spartans chalked up two more scores in the last half, making the score 24-6.

BULLDOG BEAT THE TIGERS 25-0

The law of the jungle was broken October 18 when the Muskogee Bulldogs beat the Lincoln Tigers 25-0 at Ruppert Stadium.

At the end of the first quarter, the score was 13-0 in favor of Muskogee. This score was the result of a series of line plunges and end runs. In the second quarter, Martin, the interceptor, recovered a pass thrown by Edwards of Muskogee team, but was stopped before many yards could be gained. In the third quarter, Muskogee kicked off to Lincoln but the ball was received by Edwards, and he plunged to a touchdown, making the score 19-0.

In the last quarter, Muskogee made the score 25-0 by a 45 yard end run and a 15 yard line plunge.

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THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS, AND PEACE

Looking back toward Thanksgiving and forward to Christmas America this year is at last blessed with peace. Americans perhaps have something to be especially grateful for, since our country fought and won a war without bringing it to their own shores. The American people have been courageous and skillful in time of war and will continue to be so even in peace.

Many countries not quite so fortunate as our own fair land are still in the midst of chaos and unrest.

In Java, Palestine and numerous other places the people will have very little knowledge of Christmas this year because they are faced with dozens of more serious problems such as starvation and pestilence.

After experiencing almost six long disastrous years of war, it is the hope of all the world that future Christmases may be observed in peace.

If after these long, hard, weary war years, men of the world still do not know how to appreciate the fruits of peace and they forget to finish the work that our unknown soldier of 1945 started, when Thanksgiving day and Christmas day of 1950 rolls around, they may find us a disintegrated nation resulting from misuse of atomic energy.

AMUSEMENTS IN MATHEMATICS**WHAT IS THE NUMBER?**

Add to itself.....	equals ?
Subtracted from itself.....	equals ?
Multiplied by itself.....	equals ?
Divided by itself.....	equals ?

And Totals..... 100

CHANGING A DOLLAR—

In how many ways can a dollar be changed?
The answers will appear next month. N. Q. Hubbard.

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Society Buzz**DEL SPRITE DOINGS**

Miss Laverne Crump, a 1945 Junior College graduate, was the recipient of the Del Sprite Scholarship and is now enrolled at Michigan State Teachers' College at Ypsilanti. Laverne had been a member of the club for five years.

Miss Vernita Merritt was awarded the scholarship of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority this year. Vernita is now a freshman at Wilberforce University.

Other 1945 Del Sprite graduates who are attending college are as follows: University of Kansas, Louise Gross, Mary Jean Goodspeed, Gwendolyn Singer, and Harlene Anderson; Lincoln University, Joyce White, Winifred Walton, Geneva Aubrey, and Betty Henry; and Howard University, Mary Louise Smith.

Marjorie Beasley is employed as a clerk-typist by the government in Washington, and Eleanor Green is working in the same capacity at the Quartermaster's Depot.

The Del Sprites entertained a number of sophomore girls who are members of the Preds Club at the home of Donna Baker recently.

The officers of the Preds Club are Onita Lowe, president; Edna Berry, vice-president; Marguerite Washington, secretary; Geraldine Sanders, assistant secretary; and Jacqueline Shivers, treasurer. Other Preds include Frances Green, Belle Lewis, Mary Tillman, Walteretta Donaldson, Evelyn Walkers, Betty Jean Williams, Grace Tillman, Gloria Stevenson, Joan Mackey, Catherine Poole, Elnor Gibson, and Delores Samson. This club is sponsored by Del Sprites Helen Roy, Aritta Palmer, and Ella Mae Jones.

Del Sprites who have been pledged to Delta Sigma Theta Sorority at the University of Kansas are Louise Gross, Mary Jean Goodspeed, and Gwendolyn Singer.

THE AKAPALS

The Akapals held their first meeting of this school year in September, in room 305. The officers are: President, Emma L. Mitchell; vice-president, Bobbie L. Hardwicke; recording secretary, Edwina Washington; corresponding secretary, Virginia J. Starks; treasurer, Gwendolyn Hill; chaplain and parliamentarian, Gwendolyn Gates; sponsors, Mrs. E. S. Wilson and Miss R. E. Nolan. Emma L. Mitchell is serving her second term as president.

The initiation of new members will be held soon. This initiation will increase the number of members to twenty-four. The initiation committee is composed of Barbara Byrd, LaVerne Blagburn, Jessie Lowe and Betty Bryant, with Betty Rice as chairman.

GIRL RESERVES

On October 9, the Girl Reserves met at the Y. W. C. A. to organize their club. The Girl Reserves are a junior organization of the Y. W. C. A. composed of girls who are interested in such activities as camping and socials.

Last year the Girl Reserves were under the guidance of Miss O. E. Christopher, with whom they had plenty of fun. This year the club is under the leadership of Mrs. Clarice Herbert. They will have many activities to come for the year of 1945-46.

The advisors for the year for Miss Eva Dixon and Miss Betty Foreman.

The new president is Geneva Shakespeare, who succeeds Marjorie Butner. Join the Girl Reserves and have plenty of fun. Meetings are every Monday after school.

COMMUNITY PHARMACY

Prescriptions Filled

Ice Cream, Sundaes, Candies, Book, and School Supplies
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Cooking on the Front Burner

The cafeteria staff under the supervision of Mrs. Louise L. Starling, the manager, is making a special effort this year to see that every student who comes upstairs will be able to get a nice variety of food.

When interviewed, Mrs. Starling said that in any institution there will be days when the supply will not be equal to the demands of the students, but that she will do her utmost to see that such will not happen often. The chief aim of the cafeteria is to see that the student gets a balanced meal and milk each day. Doctors, nurses, dieticians, home economic teachers, and even the government are stressing the use of balanced meals and milk to build and strengthen the body.

Mrs. Starling said, "As the students will observe, we are trying to serve a variety of foods, desserts and salads every day. Special credit should be given Miss Estella Johnson, who is responsible for the lovely and pleasing salads on the counter every day. It is indeed pleasing to us to see that the students are buying them."

Even with rationing still in effect, Mrs. Starling will try to serve as wide a variety of food as possible. She would appreciate having some of the pupils tell her now and then how they like the food.

The adult helpers on the steam table are able to get each lunch line through in less time. Mr. Bryant has commended the staff for this.

The staff members are:

- Mrs. Louise L. Starling, Manager
- Mrs. Mary L. Hinton, Cashier
- Mrs. Minnie Ervin, Cook
- Mrs. Florence Edgerton, Cook
- Miss Estella Johnson, Salads
- Mrs. Katie Rogers, Salads
- Miss Mattie A. Shields, Candy
- Mrs. Luciel Tolliver, General Helper
- Mrs. Madeleine Jackson, General Helper
- Mrs. Ethel Jackson, General Helper.
- Mrs. Laura Wimbely, General Helper
- Mr. Frank Buford, Assistant Custodian

Members of the staff are asking the student body to cooperate by having their money ready when they get to the cashier, by reading the menu, by keeping their trays moving and by watching to see that trays are not tipped and food spilled. Students are asked to be courteous, and not shove and push each other in the line, and to carry their trays around to the work table. This last request applies more to the sophomores than to the upper classmen.

Mr. Buford would like to have the student body help him by using the trash boxes and not throwing paper and trash on the floor.

All these things tend toward keeping our dining room neat during the lunch period.

FRANCES SHIPLEY WINS QUEEN CONTEST

Frances Shipley, a student in Miss Willoughby's advisory, won the queen contest for the homecoming game, played with Muskogee at Ruppert Stadium, Thursday, October 18.

The queen and her attendants, Bobby Hemmit, Betty Jean Coleman, runners-up in the contest, were escorted by Second Lieutenants Kenneth Garret, Robert Harding, and James Ross, respectively.

Miss Shipley started the game by throwing the ball, which was caught by a player from the Muskogee team.

IDA MAE PRINT MART

1619 East 19th Street

Full Line of Christmas Cards with Name

Jabberwock and Jive

"Things Ain't What They Used to Be," weeps Martha Baskett to John Gray.

"Please Believe Me," begs Wilbert Moreland of Francis Thompson.

"The Grass Is Getting Greener," croons Willa Mae Patrick to James Nooner.

"Why Don't Yo Do Right?" mutters Frank Daniels to Gloria Smith.

"Soothe Me," implores Elaine Culliver of William Carson.

Just a "Sentimental Lady" is Anna Davis.

"I'll Be So Glad When My Man Comes Home," screams Jamesetta Ward about that college boy.

Willa Mae McGee is strictly for Kansas boys now. (What's wrong with ours?)

They call Phillip Jefferson (pig) the "Signifying Monkey."

"I'll Be Loving You Always," says Robert Coates to Gwendolyn Hill.

"We're Two in Love," sings Rose Mary Saulet and Chester Starks.

"The Man I Love," croons Ella Mae Jones to A. D. Davis.

"I'll Always Love You," exclaims Delores Stovall to Raymond Allen.

"Waiting for the Train to Come In," declares Grace Taylor about Marland Buckner.

"All for You," croons John Williams to Bobbie Hemmitt.

"Memories," sings Maxine Johnson to a certain senior boy.

"Caldonia" is Estella Johnson's new name.

"I'm Just a Stranger in My Own Home Town," weeps William Kempsey.

"I Love You Truly," groans "Big Martin" to Mae Francis Harrison.

"You Taught Me to Love You," croaks Betty Slaughter to Mr. Mike Jamerson.

'WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF—

A person could turn in one lesson that Mr. Jackson thinks worthwhile?

Mr. West and Peter Johnson could agree for once?

Mr. Ellison would smile more often?

Flora Parker could share her knowledge?

Mr. Tillmon didn't have to ask Catherine Smith and Authorne Cornell to empty their mouths every day?

LEE'S DE LUXE CHILI PARLOR

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TRUMAN'S SOUND AND RADIO

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Inside the Classrooms

Students who are doing outstanding work in Mrs. Burnett's English 3 classes are Edna Berry, Armenta Brassfield, Piccola Fanniel, Joyce Hampton, Katerine Kearse, Jacqueline Shivers, Betty Jean Williams, and Beverly June Carter.

The English 3 classes have been interviewing various people and some of those interviewed were: Mr. D. F. Martinez, state supervisor of Negro education in Missouri; Mr. G. T. Bryant; Mr. John A. Clair; the Rev. Samuel Bacote; Mrs. Anna Louise Harrelson of the Harrelson Costumers; Mr. C. A. Anderson; Mrs. Derotha F. Allen; and Mrs. Belle Martin, interior decorator.

Mrs. Burnett chose the themes written by Katherine Kearse and Jacqueline Shivers as being the best.

The photography classes this year are getting off to a good start. The class will begin enlarging soon.

The department procured a speed graphmodel flash unit and as soon as films are available in sufficient quantities they will be used.

The class will begin making flash pictures of various school activities. The aim of the department is to build up an assortment of these school pictures so that they may be used to add color to the year book if needed.

Well, well, what do you know? The Sophomores held an election again this year. (The dear things.)

The officers elected were: For class President, Armenta Brassfield; for class Vice President, Don Moore; for class Secretary, Jacqueline Shivers; for Assistant Secretary, Ester Lee Smith; for class Reporter, Betty Randolph.

In a recent interview, Mr. Tomkins made the following statement:

The human science classes are trying to work out the studying the structure and organization of the nervous system general topic of "How the Body Is Controlled." They are and its reaction to other parts of the body.

The botany class has completed the subject of landscaping. This considers the laying out of the grounds, the placing of walks and drives, the placing of trees, shrubs and flowers.

They have written several criticisms of the landscapings in the neighborhood of the school.

The nurses class is beginning the study of destruction and removal of bacteria by mechanical, physical and chemical means.

Flora Parker is leading the Shorthand class this year with both the reading and the writing. (And that's something to do.)

During the month of September the news writing class listened to two informative lectures given by C. A. Franklin of the Call, and G. T. Bryant of L. H. S. Mr. Franklin talked about the qualities and characteristics of a good journalist, and Mr. Bryant spoke on the advantages which journalism offers as a career. Both speakers held the attention and the interest of the class.

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Specializing in Photos to fit all form of application blanks
and drivers' license. Finished in 5 minutes

Misses Dixon and Willoughby's foods classes are going "glamorous" this year. If you don't believe it just take a look into the classes and see the girls in their new white pinafore aprons and caps. The products look as beautiful as the girls. Wouldn't you like to taste those peaches, pears, and pickles?

Miss Dixon's human science classes have been studying about the universe and personality. Because of this study the students are developing very pleasing personalities.

Mrs. Wilson's French class is progressing so well that they are now singing songs in French.

Did you know that Mr. Dunlap used to be a beauty operator. "I was the first one to start the Beauty Culture at R. T. Coles," he says.

The art classes are doing lovely work in designing borders. Some are developing into good letterers. Some are beginning clay modeling.

The music students are to sing for the Community Chest. The song is "Serving Man Is Serving Thee." The classes are also to attend the Symphony Concert, November 9.

Miss Foreman's typing classes of this year are getting off to a good start, with Trenton Fleming leading, and following are Alta Brown, Dorothy Muse, and Ella Powell.

Miss Eva Dixon left Kansas City, on June 9, for Tuskegee, Alabama, where she taught home economics in the Graduate Division of Home Economics.

She also had the experience of teaching a two weeks short course in foods to a group of 4H Club Girls.

Miss Dixon was shown many social courtesies when she visited several places of interest.

She taught eight days in Atlanta, Georgia, where she visited the Atlanta University School of Social Work, Clark University, and Morehouse University.

Miss Dixon was taken through the plant of the Daily World by its editor, W. A. Scott, which is the only Negro daily at present.

While in Mineral Wells, Texas, Miss Dixon was Maid of Honor at a cousin's wedding.

She also visited the infantry camp at Camp Walters, three miles from Mineral Wells. This camp was built at a cost of \$8,000,000. From there she went to Fort Worth, Texas.

The American History classes have completed their discussion on conditions in Europe from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries which led to the discovery of America. At present they are studying the settling of the colonies, and how the ideas of the early colonists set the pattern for many of our present day institutions.

The third advisory in Room 206 elected Marguerite Woods as its student council representative, and John Williams as alternate.

The advisory group is working on a schedule of activities to be carried on each day, and will plan the topics for group discussion to be carried out several weeks in advance.

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"I heard the bells on Christmas Day, their old, familiar carols play."—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Volume 22

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, DECEMBER, 1945

Number 3

Tigers Wind Up Football Season

The gallant Tigers wind up the football season this year skillfully and courageously.

Under the leadership of their new coach, Mr. William White, the Tigers were outstanding, even in defeat. These boys have shown their fellow Lincolnites what true school spirit is.

The skillful players of Lincoln's first team showed the makings of future football all-stars.

Hard-hitting Ronald Lucas played left end; the promising young player, Doyle Harris, defended left tackle; Donald King, who began the season as captain, ably defended left guard; Marshall McKinney centered the ball; shifty Wilbert Lee Carr was right guard; hard-tackling John Tate, who perhaps better than any one else knows the agonies of hard football, played right tackle; defending right end was slow but sure Lincoln Jackson; A. D. Davis was ever on the q. t. at left halfback; Laverne "Mike" Jamerson played right halfback; Robert "Big" Martin was at fullback; at quarterback that excellent Connie Buckner did a fine job.

Other up and coming players who were not fortunate enough to make the first team, but who were outstanding, were Robert Boyd, Roy Jackson, and Burdis Herring, ends. At tackle, Eugene Kirtly was promising. Playing guard, Paul Williams, Perry Gines and Westly Williams were promising.

John Gray, Essex Jerome Graham, and Reedy Trigg were important in Lincoln's brick wall line.

SPEECH DEPARTMENT ASSISTS IN LAUNCHING TUBERCULOSIS CHRISTMAS SEAL CAMPAIGN

The annual sale of Christmas Seals by the Tuberculosis Society and P. T. A. in all of the public schools was conducted the week of December 3.

Lincoln's speech department, under the direction of Mr. J. O. Morrison, sent speakers to some of the elementary schools to assist in the launching of this sale.

Lula Bell Stamps spoke at Booker T. Washington and Wendell Phillips; Yvonne Starks, at Dunbar; Mary Jean Walton, at W. W. Yates; William Hopkins, at Garrison and Robert Boyd, at Douglass.

The principals of the schools where the students spoke commended the speakers highly and expressed their appreciation to the speech department.

LINCOLN H. S. CONTRIBUTES TO THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year, through the Junior Red Cross, Lincoln is making its annual contribution to the veterans hospitals at Excelsior Springs and Wadsworth. The gifts consist of fifty lamps made by Mr. Anderson's manual arts classes, cookies by Miss Willoughby's food classes and fifty Christmas boxes donated by the home rooms.

The Junior Red Cross program at Lincoln is a part of the Student Council activities. Anna Mae Moore, vice-president of the Student Council, has charge of the Red Cross work.

The Junior Red Cross of Lincoln contributes to the veterans at Christmas time every year.

Pins Presented to Eleven Members of the Newswriting Class

For doing outstanding work in the newswriting class, Robert Anderson, Betty Brown, Geraldine Cansler, Inez Collins, Elnora Fields, Maxine Johnson, Harold Robinson, Mattie Shields, Freeman Smith, Margaret Stiles, and Estena Thompson were awarded journalism pins by Miss Wynbush, sponsor of The Callotype. These pins are engraved with a typesetting machine and its operator on a black enamel background. Each pin also bears the name of the position each recipient holds on the staff.

In making the awards Miss Wynbush said, "Since the armed forces have been giving recognition for service above and beyond the call of duty, it is also fitting that such service be recognized in the class room. The people who received the awards have spent more than the class periods on the paper, even to giving up their lunch periods and working after school."

CECIL B. REEVES TO APPEAR IN CONCERT

Cecil B. Reeves, a tenor, will be presented in a concert Monday, January 21, at Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral at Thirteenth and Broadway, by the Young People's Department of Second Baptist Church.

Mr. Reeves was graduated from Lincoln High School in 1930, and went to Fiske University in 1933. He also went abroad with the Fiske University Choir. He is now studying in Detroit.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is more than a yule log, holly or tree. Christmas is Christ, the Christ of justice, peace and charity. It is the feast of love and friendship for the world.

The joy of Christmas is a joy that cannot die, for it is the joy of the soul and the soul will always be alive.

Time cannot wither Christmas for it belongs to eternity. The world cannot shatter its joy. Christmas is the birthday of Christianity.

Mary Frances Williams.

MODERNIZED LEARNING

Since the change from Colonel Bondy to Captain Herndon as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, has been made, the R. O. T. C. boys have a new way of learning. They are now using motion pictures along with their class work. Some of the pictures that have been shown are: Interior Guard Duty, Personal Hygiene, Articles of War, and Military Discipline.

The boys also have been using a slide machine in the study of Military Organization. Both the motion picture and the slide machines were issued by the Seventh Service Command.

LINCOLN ENJOYS FIRST CLARE TREE MAJOR PLAY

The Principal's Study Club presented the first Clare Tree Major play, "The Little Princess," in the Lincoln High School auditorium, December 3.

Two more plays will be presented as follows, "Golden Apple" February 8, at 3 p. m., and "Alladin and His Wonderful Lamp," March 19, at 3 p. m.

The setting of the scenes have many lovely colors. It makes you think you are in Hollywood.

LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Published monthly except during June, July, and August by
students of the Newswriting class of Lincoln
High School, Kansas City, Missouri

40 Cents a Year

5 Cents a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	Robert Anderson, Jr.
Associate Editor.....	Marshall McKinney
Feature Editors.....	Estina Thompson, Inez Collins, Maxine Johnson
Exchange Editor.....	Nancy Ann Miller
Boys' Sports.....	Freeman Smith, LaVerne Jamerson, Harold Robinson, Richard Revells, Oscar Gibson
Girls' Sports.....	Mattie Ann Shields, Gloria Smith
Business Managers.....	Eleanor Fields, Della Barnett, Marsoleat Davis
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Radio Reporters.....	Margaret Stiles, Willa Mae Patrick, Ruby Sanders
Sponsor.....	Octavia B. Wynbush

PRELUDE TO CHRISTMAS

On the nineteen hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, it behooves every mortal of the entire universe to stop, just for a while, to thank his maker for the divine privilege of just being alive and thereby blessed with the opportunity of reaping the God-sent fruits of peace.

Christmas, in a sense, more or less, should be observed in a state of reverence and thanksgiving, and not of folly and mass good-timing, as so many people observe it, and look to it with the sole intention of having a wonderful holiday.

Truly it is a wonderful day, but not in the sense so many people see it. Christmas is wonderful because it is the anniversary of Christ, who came into this forlorn world to save mankind. Oftimes it seems that our blessed Lord's life was given in vain.

For centuries, all many men have thought of is greatness and power and worldly things. Christmas to them is a time for great feasts and good-timing and not at all what it should be.

It is the hope, however, of the more worth-while and thoughtful people of this old earth that some day all mankind will look to God and to Christmas with an eye of thankfulness, appreciativeness in reverence.

YULETIDE READING

Lownes, Marion—Ghosts That Still Walk—The sixteen real ghosts of America.

Nordhoff, Charles—The High Barbaree—While lost at sea, Alec reminisces about his home town and his boyhood dream.

Stagg, Amos Alonzo—Touchdown!—The complete history of American football from its English ancestor to the present.

West, Evelyn—Animal Fair—A love story and a dramatic novel of family life.

Thane, Elswyth—Ever After—There's adventure and romance a-plenty in this story.

Spend Your Evening at

RITZ ICE CREAM PARLOR

Eighteenth and Tracy

P. REED THOMAS STUDIO

"Give a Picture for Christmas"
Billfold size, Driver's License Also
Opposite Castle Theater

Lincoln Begins Basketball Season

The Lincoln Basketball squad opened its season with fifty-two boys going out. Of these fifty-two, only twenty-one were able to stand the test.

A. D. Davis, William Hayden, Robert Rowan, and Tyson Williams are among those who were on last year's team. Adolphus Bettis, among others may develop into a great guard on the team.

The first foe for the Tigers is the Lincoln Junior College Panthers, the 21st of December. Coach White says, "I am expecting another tournament winning team this year."

PHILHARMONIC ARTISTS ASSIST AT CHRISTMAS VESPER

Sunday, December 16 a chorus of one hundred students, directed by Mr. John L. Williams and assisted by Delssohea Conway, first violin; Lawrence Long, viola; Arno Seifert, cello; Gilbert Torres, bass violin; members of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, presented an effective Christmas Vesper Service in the school auditorium.

The program, centered around the life of Christ, and carried out through choruses, instrumental music and tableaux and pantomimes, was as follows:

Program

Procession.....	O, Come All Ye Faithful
Invocation.....	Rev. L. R. Hayes, Pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church
Orchestra.....	Overture from the Messiah—Handel
Part 1—A Child Foretold.....	Tableau
Silent Night, Holy Night.....	Gruber
Part 2—A Child Annunciated.....	Tableau
O Rose of Sharon.....	Radford
Part 3—A Child Is Born.....	Tableau
For Unto Us a Child Is Born.....	Handel
Part 4—A Child Among Men.....	Tableau
Prayer of the Slavic Children.....	Golde
Part 5—A Child in Maturity.....	Tableau
Open Our Eyes.....	McFarlene
Part 6—A Man of Sorrows.....	Pantomime
Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs.....	Handel
Part 7—The Christ Triumphant.....	Tableau
The Hallelujah Chorus.....	Handel
The Recessional.....	
Faculty members who assisted Mr. Williams are:	
Miss Baker.....	Costumes
Miss Wynbush, Miss Haworth.....	Tableaux
Mr. Anderson.....	Properties
Mr. Lynk.....	Reader

BOOKS ON REVIEW

Allbrand, Martha—NONE SHALL KNOW—This is a story of hazard and suspense in which love becomes a dangerous adventure and in which affection for children involves counter-espionage.

Tweed, George R.—ROBINSON CRUSOE, U. S. N.—Here is a story of human endurance and courage.

Ford, Edward—LARRY SCOTT OF THE "SUN"—The reader will find this an absorbing account of a high school graduate who became a newspaper man the hard way and made good.

Rau, Santa Rama—HOME TO INDIA—This book gives a youthful and personal account of sixteen-year old Santha rediscovering her people and her country.

Bassner, John, and Nichols, Dudley—BEST FILM PLAYS 1943-44—Here complete with dialogue and every bit of action as produced, are the best film plays of the year.

(Oscar J. Gibson II)

Jabberwock and Jive

"Somebody has got to go" says J. S. to M. J.

Ernest Blackman and Juanita Baldwin were seen wooing in a certain theater (Could it be love?)

"Dancing in the Dark" were those two fugitives from an air raid at a certain nite spot Turkey Day. (Who else could we mean but Gertrude Kelly and Edwin Foster?)

Mamie Miller is hoping Santa Claus will drop Thurman Bogart in her stocking. (They're huge enough.)

"My Lips Remember Your Kisses," croons Roy Jackson to Ruby Brice.

"Till the End of Time," croons Robert Harding to Billie Jean Coleman.

"No Baby, Nobody, but You," declares John Williams to Doris Taylor.

"Going to Chicago," cries the Hemmitss of L. H. S.

Marshall McKinney is better known as "The Roving Wolf of Lincoln Hill."

"Holiday for Strings" is what the music students sing.

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF—

Mr. Tillman would grow an inch?

Mr. Anderson would act refined?

Mr. Dunlap failed to tell his history classes two tall tales a day?

Mr. Jackson didn't threaten to hit someone on the head twice a day?

Miss Smothers failed to assign her English literature classes home work one day?

Mr. Ellison would leave his little blue rule book at home just one day?

Donald King would come to school on time?

Paul Pittman would stop trying to be a Hitler?

Willa McGee would act agreeable for one day?

Nellie Martin failed to hunt Donald King after every class?

Ida Pearl Govan had an English accent?

John Gray would get a steady girl?

"JINGLE BELLS" AT LINCOLN HIGH

Dashing through the snow (Betty Hemmitt and Conrad Buckner.) In a one horse open sleigh (with Rosie Mary Tilley and Kenneth Garrett.) Over the fields we go (Lula Belle Stamps and Donnie Motley.) Laughing all the way (Ernestine Campbell and Seymour Hill,) bells on bob tail ring (the horse that drew the "One-Horse Shay.") Making spirits bright (Ella Jones and A. D. Davis). Oh what fun it is to ride, in a one horse open sleigh (Frances Thompson and Wilbert Moreland.)

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way. (Elnora Fields and George Motley.) Oh what fun it is to ride (with Estena Thompson and Wardell Stamps.) In a one horse open sleigh (Freddie Stevenson and John Gray.)

STOELTZING HARDWARE CO.

Variety of Christmas Gifts

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"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"

THOMAS L. BLACK

Refrigeration Service

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LOGAN 0011

Looking Backward

Don't look now, but someone's trailing you. It is only old Lincoln High looking backward at the campus happenings. He stops every now and then to look over his shoulders, to see what ails the other feller.

Let's see, what happened in '43. I recall now. We were sophomores. You might have called us wise fools, for we thought we had a monopoly on the knowledge factories.

Then came our junior year, when we thought of settling down, and engaging in many activities.

Under the guidance of Mr. Ellison and Mr. Bryant, we entered into that last solemn senior year. We are the class of '46, vibrating with gaiety and youth.

Ernest Blackman was elected president of our class and Oh! what a guy! Other officers are: Geneva Shakespeare, vice-president; Lavern Blagburn, secretary; Conrad Buckner, treasurer; Tyson Williams, sergeant-at-arms.

Anna Moore was elected as vice-president of the Student Council, and Bobby Hardwick elected as president.

Dear me, just think of the Callotype staff which included Robert Anderson, editor in chief; Marshall McKinney, associate editor; Estina Thompson, feature editor; Nancy Miller, exchange editor; Freeman Smith, boys' sports; Mattie Shields, girls' sports; Eleanor Fields, business manager; Willa Mae McGee, circulation manager; and Frances Thompson, advertising manager.

Yes! that wonderful girls' basketball team with Gloria Smith as captain, Lula Bell Stamps, Jamesetta Ward, Donna Baker, Dorothy Hill and Barbara Byrd really had skill in playing.

Let's not forget the thrills and chills given to us by our football squad with Donald King as captain and that faithful right tackle, Marshall McKinney; Lavern Jamerson, that guy playing right halfback; that hard tackling John Tate; that hard shifting Wilbur Lee Carr as right guard; the slow-looking fellow, Lincoln Jackson, defending right end; A. D. Davis as left halfback and Conrad Buckner the hard running quarterback.

We'll never forget the majorettes under the command of Doris Breachers and Marguerite Brown. These girls gave the loyal Lincolniters such wonderful entertainment.

Hail the queen Frances Shipley, a student of Miss Willsoughby's advisory, for selling the largest amount of tickets to the homecoming game with Muskogee!

This was our hard fighting class of '46 with so much fun for their years to old Lincoln High.

HOLLYWOOD GRILL

Specializing in Plate Lunches, Chili and Sandwiches
1901 Highland Arthur Carrington, Prop.

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Prescriptions Filled
Ice Cream, Sundaes, Candies, Books, and School Supplies
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Stationery, Gift Wraps, and Seals
Christmas Cards with Names
1619 East 19th Street

"Season's Greetings"

LINCOLN OPTICAL CO.

Give Glasses for Christmas Sun Glasses—\$7.50 and up
18th Paseo—1507 East 18th

Looking Forward

Oh, Where am I? How on earth did I get on this white cloud? It seems as if I just dropped off to sleep a minute ago. It's no use to try getting down, so I am going to take a tour over some of the states and look up my classmates.

Well, well! If this isn't a large Episcopal Church in New York. There is Bernard Whitlock, the rector.

That large building over there looks like a school. It is the School of Nit Wits. Some of the most outstanding students are Lincoln Jackson, Catherine Smith, Conrad Buckner, Randolph Sanders and Douglass Smith.

Well, as I live and breathe, if that isn't my old classmate, Mattie Shield, sitting in that office! She seems to be typing away to her heart's content. She wanted to be a gym teacher so badly, but I suppose she decided that typing is her line. Those other faces look familiar. They belong to Betty Brown, Gertrude Kelly and Genevieve Mitchell. Aren't they punishing those typewriters!

I wonder what all the commotion is about? It sounds like Mary Alice Rabun, shouting "Hit That Note!" She is the director of the "Fear Makers School."

Wait a minute. The cloud is carrying me so fast that I can get only short glances of what is going on around me.

I do believe I am nearing a love nest. Yes. It belongs to none other than Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Mackrel, Mrs. Mackrel being the former Willa Mae McGee.

What's this before me? It's a large building with signs reading "Barbara Byrd and Marguerite Brown; Private School for Girls and Boys."

Look! Look! Look! There's that old school in Harlem, New York, with Ruth Bunn as instructor of chemistry, Geraldine Cansler as the teacher of journalism, Geneva Shakespear as instructor of physics, Sere Meyers as principal. Of all things, Adolph Miller, the poor fellow, is the custodian.

Why look again! That young lady resembles Miss Gloria Smith. Wait! She is instructing a girls' basketball team. She always wanted to be a gym teacher.

Frances Shipley and Ruby Saunders are working as cooks in that large university of "The Lucky Stiffs." I wonder whether Henry Robinson can be seen as the private dishwasher?

Do tell! Here is Theresa Marshall and Waymond Killingsworth's "Come and Get It Book Store," specializing in books on how to rear your children.

Wait hey! There are stars in my eyes, because this cloud is being shoved around by the big dipper (the bully). If I'm not in Nashville, Tennessee! The little breeze that comes rippling this cloud seat of mine, whisper that A. D. Davis is coach at state college here.

Oh! Ouch! Hey! I seem to be falling. My back hurts. Well, I do declare, I am on my own bedroom floor and I've been dreaming. Anyway let's hope these realistic dreams come true.

Gloria Smith.

Compliments of
STRONG CLEANERS
2457 Brooklyn Avenue
Season's Greetings

BIG FOUR BARBER SHOP

2398 Vine

Lee Maxwell, Prop.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

WILSON ICE CREAM PARLOR
Soda Pop, Pies, Candies, Hot Dogs, Hamburgers and
School Supplies

OVER THE DESK

Most of us are a little jittery about the flu germs that are making life miserable for about one person out of five. While no one is immune to the fierce little bugs (virus), it does no harm to build up one's resistance by taking cod liver oil or tablets, vitamins by capsules or green foods, plenty of rich milk. (Where does one get rich milk now?) Plenty of rest and water keeps the body machine functioning, and at the first signs of cold, get in bed. The nurse and the human science teachers are ready to offer other health tips which are probably more scientific and professional than mine.

* * *

The high school pupil seldom comes to the office for the purpose of discussing his problems or offering suggestions for a better school. Whenever you see him, it is because of some trouble—tardiness, class cut, breach of discipline, obscene language. He, or she, isn't constructive. Three boys just left my office. They wanted excuses to go home to get a penny in order to buy a penny postal card which their English teacher had told them days ago they would need. Frankly, this condition may be laid as much to our door as his. He hasn't come to look upon the office as a helping place. Rather, it is his (or hers) police court and jail.

* * *

Occasionally, a pupil gets the idea that he is *allowed* so many absences or tardinesses a month. No one is *allowed* any absences or tardinesses.

Often a pupil may not be able to attend school because of illness or some other serious reason, and, maybe, once in a blue moon there is a reasonable cause for tardiness. An attendance problem is a pupil who averages one mark (absence or tardiness or both) against his record over a four week period. About three hundred pupils have attended school to date without a single absence or tardiness against their attendance records. We would like to have all students attend school every day that they are physically able and attend daily on time.

G. T. B.

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Carry out all you want BE. 9479

EAT AT THE HOLLYWOOD GRILL

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Quality Meats and
Vegetables

2500 Olive Street
We wish all our patrons a Merry
Christmas and a Happy New Year

Glady's Sordan THE Radaels

THE LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Volume 22

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, JANUARY, 1946

Number 4

Lincoln High Students Attend Conference

Recently, two Lincoln High School students attended the first United Christian Youth Conference of Missouri, held in Jefferson City, Missouri December 27-29.

The conference was sponsored by the United Christian Youth Movement and was inter-racial and inter-denominational.

Approximately four hundred fifty persons attended the conference, representing nearly every county in the state of Missouri. Only seven were Negroes.

The Reverend L. Charles Gray of the St. Paul Presbyterian church of Kansas City, Miss Ida Pearl Govan and Robert Anderson, Jr., both Lincoln High School students, were the only three Negroes representing Kansas City.

The conference was the first of a series to be held in Missouri. It was an overwhelming success and accomplished a great deal toward bettering race relations between colored and white citizens of Missouri.

LINCOLN HONORS GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

Along with other schools of the nation, Lincoln celebrated George Washington Carver week January 6-12. On Friday, Mr. Lawrence Wilson sponsored a George Washington Carver program in the auditorium.

The assembly was opened by Mr. John S. Williams and his chorus singing "Open Our Eyes" by McFarlane, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," arranged by Fred Waring, and "Dark Water" by James.

Mr. G. T. Bryant spoke on the life of George W. Carver. George W. Carver was born in 1864 near Diamond Grove, Missouri and died in 1943. The degrees he held were B. S., M. S. He was at one time a member of the staff of Iowa State.

Mr. Carver was awarded the Roosevelt Medal for outstanding achievements in science and a membership in the Royal Society of Arts in England. Of the products he developed, three hundred were made from peanuts and five hundred from plants and vegetables. He was also a great artist.

RADEALS INITIATE TWO NEW MEMBERS

The Radaels, which is the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity protege group of Boys who are in Lincoln High School and Junior College, held an initiation for two new members on Monday evening, January 21, at 2440 Paseo Boulevard. The Radaels are increasing their number to fifteen by taking in Trenton Fleming and Waymond Klingsworth as new members.

The boys meet twice a month at the Y. M. C. A. and have planned many interesting activities for the next few months. The following is the roster of members:

Basil Phillips, President	John Harwell
Wealtha Turner, Vice-Pres.	Ernest Blackmon
A. D. Davis, Secretary	Paul Pittman
Thomas Brassfield, Treas.	Robert Rowan
Mr. Laurence P. Wilson, Sponsor	Leon Montgomery
Samuel Hamer, Reporter	Arthur Bell
	Sere Myers
	Richard Pierce

STUDENTS! ATTENTION!

We will welcome letters at all times and will give them our utmost attention. Address all letters to the Gravel and Gertie Lovelorn Column, Room 201—the box in front of the door.—THANK YOU.

The Y. M. C. A. Starts Annual Membership Drive

A goal of 7,500 members in its nine branches for 1946 has been set for the annual membership enrollment of the Kansas City Y. M. C. A., which opens January 18, E. E. Amick, chairman of the campaign, announced this week.

Pointing out that every man in Kansas City has an opportunity to participate in the benefits the Y. M. C. A. offers here, Mr. Amick said:

"We invite every man and boy in Kansas to 'join up' for 1946. The Y. M. C. A. is not just a place where you come to buy gymnasium or swimming pool or residence privileges, not just a club where you have lunch, play chess or meet your friends, although all these privileges and many more are available for members. It is something men belong to and believe in. Expressed in thirty-six words, its whole

creed and purpose is: 'The Young Men's Christian Association in its essential genius is a world-wide fellowship of men and boys united by a common loyalty to Jesus Christ for the purpose of developing Christian personality and building a Christian society.'

Service men are given two-months free membership in the "Y" upon their discharge from service. Memberships range from \$1 up, being based entirely upon the value the member places upon his participation in this world-wide association. Employees in industrial plants, business firms and large organizations may band together for group memberships and group benefits.

The nine branches, including the Central branch at Tenth and Locust, all offer many features of interest to the average man, regardless of where he lives, Amick said.

201 Has Pre-Christmas Party

Miss Octavia Wynbush and her advisory spent their last Friday before the Christmas holidays enjoying a lovely luncheon which was prepared by Miss Wynbush.

The advisory students decorated the room by draping red and green crepe paper from the ceiling. Norman Trigg made candles surrounded by bells for the windows and a Christmas scene for the door. Miss Wynbush furnished a Christmas tree, under which the students placed their gifts which they had brought for each other.

The advisory presented Miss Wynbush with two lovely gifts, a combination cologne and body powder set and a bath room set.

While the party was in progress the students played records, ate, and discussed their presents with their friends. The party lasted throughout the 4A period.

In order that every member of the advisory would receive a gift, the students drew names three weeks before Christmas and stored their gifts in room 201 one week before the party.

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A THOUGHT FOR THE OPENING YEAR

The be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with your self until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and spirit, in God's out of doors—these are little guide posts on the footpath to peace.—Taken from "The Good Housekeeping Magazine Memory Lane."

Resume of the Year

Scene—On top of the World.

Characters—Father (1945) Time; Baby (1946) Future.
Time—December 31, 1945, 11:45.

Situation—Father Time is just getting ready to retire, and Baby Future prepares to take over.

Baby Future: Father Time, did you have an exciting year?

Father Time: Well, son, I wouldn't say exactly that it was exciting at all times; but it was exciting some times and some times it wasn't. I remember death, the ending of World War II. Prejudices also played a large part in the year of 1945. I think there is time for me to relate a few incidents: January, President Roosevelt was elected for his fourth term. Cigarettes were getting harder and harder to get. There were 11,900,000 men and women in the United States Army.

Baby Future: President Roosevelt must have been a mighty great man to have held office that long; he must have been going on his thirteenth year.

Father Time: February, Mr. Ground Hog, knowing that the meat shortage was still on, took the liberty of coming out anyway. He saw his shadow and mistook it for some unfortunate person minus his weekly red points. You should have seen him dashing back into his hole.

Baby Future: That meant six weeks of bad weather, but the people didn't mind, I know.

Father Time: No, they didn't mind, because they knew the boys were fighting for them in all kinds of weather. March, Hollywood awarded their annual Oscars to Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, for being the best actor and actress of the year. April, death came to two of our most beloved

Americans, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States on the twelfth, and Ernie Pyle, well known war correspondent on the seventeenth. May, the Allies won the victory over the so-called mighty Germans. Half of the fight started on December 7, 1941, was over. Hitler was dead, so the Nazis said. June, African golf proved a very lucky game for a Negro G. I., stationed in Australia. He won \$38,000. After a game the United States Treasury said they wanted \$18,000 of it. They got it. July, American troops had the thrill of raising the American flag over Berlin. Churchill resigned as the Socialist Labor party gained control of British parliament; Atlee succeeds.

Baby Future: This meant two new members for the "Big Three" meeting—Truman for America, Atlee for England. This is really getting interesting.

Father Time: August, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Four days later, the second was dropped on Nagasaki, and the day everyone was waiting for arrived. The fifteenth, the President of the United States announced Japan's unconditional surrender. Civilians were granted all the gas they wanted. August was a month no one will forget for a long time.

Baby Future: So that's the month World War was finally ended. I mustn't forget that, nor must any other American.

Father Time: September, the clocks were turned back an hour. October, Hazel Scott, pianist, was banned by the D. A. R. from Constitution Hall in Washington.

Baby Future: Is that action an example of the democracy we were promised?

Father Time: November, Food rationing ended, except for sugar.

Baby Future: This year, Mr. Ground Hog will have nothing to fear.

Father Time: December, General Patton died from the result of injuries suffered from an automobile accident.

Baby Future: And after all his service overseas he had to die from an auto accident.

(Clock begins to strike; whistles start to blow)

Father Time: I finished just in time. Thank you for listening to such a long story, but now you can see why I said what I said about 1945.

Baby Future: I enjoyed your review very much, and thank you. Well, it's twelve o'clock, time for me to take over. Thanks again, Father Time.

Father Time: Good-bye son, and carry on like a real American soldier.

Lincoln Starts Basketball Season

The powerful Lincoln Tigers have started another season. The Tigers have already played one game, and come out victors over Junior College with a score of 19-16. The following games are played at home:

Jan. 18	Topeka
Jan. 25	Sumner
Feb. 2	Oklahoma City
Feb. 15	R. T. Coles
Feb. 22	Lincoln University High School (Homecoming)
The following are played away from home:	
Feb. 8	Topeka
Feb. 9	Lincoln University High School
March 1	Sumner

CROWE'S CONFECTIONERY

Stop in any time for Sandwiches, Ice Cream, Drinks and Malts
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Jabberwock and Jive

"I'm Getting Tired," sings Shirley Harris to William Reynolds.

Evelyn Thompson, are you losing out with James Coates, or is Vivian Nolan just playing?

"Put That Ring on My Finger," screams Cleo Wheeler to Roy Miller.

Grace Taylor, will you please smile just once at Lincoln Jackson?

"I Thought You Ought to Know," wails Hazel Garner to Ronald Lucas.

Edwina Washington, must you smile so sweetly at all the Junior College boys?

I'm an Evil Gal mutters Doris Smith to Edwin Gentry. Charlesetta Williams has the general idea that Rosetta Sims has had him long enough.

"Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder," will be the theme song of four of our loyal Lincolnites, Lucky Allen, Harry Jackson, Bernard Ball, and Leon Stewart.

Delores Oliver finally dug around until she found something to put in our gossip column about herself. Well, here it is. The object of her affections is Fred Stewart.

"Come to Baby, Do," cries Ella Louie Johnson to Paul Marshall.

Newsome two-some in and out of these halls is Marguerite Brown and Ernest Blackman.

"It's Been a Long, Long Time," swoons Doris Jean Hoskins to that soldier boy.

What mid-year graduate is wearing the two right rings on the right finger of her left hand?

FORMER LINCOLN HIGH STUDENT COMMITS MATRIMONY

Did you know that Cupid (the little fellow with a bow and arrow) has been shooting his arrow at Geraldine Cansler and Curtis McReynolds for the past four years? Well, he has and he made a direct hit.

On December 25, at 7:30, Miss Cansler and Mr. McReynolds said the traditional "I do's" and became Mr. and Mrs.

The ceremony took place in the beautifully decorated red and green living room of the bride's home, 1602 East Eleventh street.

The Reverend O. S. Jones, pastor of Mount Vernon Baptist church at 1011 Park avenue, read the vows to the young couple.

After Mrs. McReynolds' graduation in January, the couple will live at 2522 Prospect avenue.

Gravel and Gertie's Lovelorn Column

Dear Miss Gertie—I'm all tangled up and don't seem to be getting anywhere with a certain senior. She has eyes only for a boy at college. How do I get about getting her attention focused on me?—A Despondent Creature.

Dear Despondent Creature—I'm going to untangle you and put you out of your misery. Well, here's the set-up. Take her out and tell her how you feel about her, and if your technique is "rizzo," I'll bet my bottom dollar that not only her attention will be focused on you, but her self—period.—Miss Gertie.

P. S. After all, D. C., there are no strings attached to her, and if I were you, I'd stick around.

Dear Miss Gertie—I'm just about to blow my top because the boy that I've been going with is keeping company with a J. C. girl lately, but he still take me out too. What shall I do?—Broken Hearted Senior.

Dear Broken Hearted Senior—Don't flip your wig because the boy friend has "picked" upon another dame. Just keep calm, cool, and collected. Give him the least bit of your attention and maybe (I'm not saying now) you'll get a pick-up.—Miss Gertie.

Dear Miss Gravel—I am very much in love with Miss J. S. but I am also fond of Miss M. J. in my third hour class. She and I have very much in common and I am sure she is fond of me also. What shall I do about this case?—A Puzzled Boy.

Dear Puzzled Boy—I feel for you but I can't reach you. Keep Miss M. J. and Miss J. S. dangling. Don't let one know you like one better than the other. That's all I can tell you to do, for the time being.—Miss Gravel.

Dear Miss Gravel—I am lonely. No one seems to like my looks. The boys go the opposite way when they see me coming. I keep myself clean, I have a nice disposition, but something tells me, my face is the cause of it all. Will you please tell me what to do?—Homely.

Dear Homely—I understand, I have the same trouble. The best thing to do is forget your face (if you can). Keep your nice disposition. Be able to talk upon interesting subjects and you will find that soon you will have worthwhile friends of the opposite sex.—Miss Gravel.

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THE LARGEST

ASSORTMENT

IN THE

MIDDLE WEST,

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES

OVER THE DESK

I believe there is less noise during the Senior lunch period. May I commend the Seniors for doing what any teenage group of students is expected to do. Also, may I commend the very fine student-citizens who pick up paper from the floors WHEREVER AND WHENEVER THEY SEE IT.

* * *

The other day I spoke to the student body of Ruskin High School at Hickman Mills, Missouri. This event in itself was commonplace, but an incident in connection with it is worthy of more than passing mention. The principal of Ruskin High had requested music, but the chorus was not allowed to go. Fifty minutes before the talk was scheduled, I asked one of the Junior College students if she would be willing to sing a solo before this strange and unfamiliar group of students. Without previous notice, without rehearsal, she graciously volunteered. I want to assure you that this act was most commendable and highly appreciated by me, but the students of Ruskin High applauded her over and over again.

Our principal has promised a Lincoln High School program, complete with chorus, to the Ruskin High School students some time this spring. They are looking forward to our visit.

* * *

Attendance records reached an extreme high with 229 absent one morning and 153 tardy one morning. In each case the weather was bad, transportation service poor. But some students managed to get through. We're glad influenza has lifted its heavy hand.

G. T. B.

Football Dinner

The Athletics Committee of Lincoln High School held the annual dinner for the football and basketball boys, Thursday, December 13, 1945.

The program, with W. D. Dunlap as master of ceremonies, was as follows:

Song—The More We Get Together.

Remarks of Welcome—George S. Ellison, Principal.

Speech—Am Improved Athletics Program for Lincoln High School—W. A. Lynk.

Song—Home on the Range.

Speech—Thomas Webster, Ex-Secretary of Urban League, "The School in the Community."

Presentation of Letters—Coach White.

Fifteen members of the team were given letters.

Song—Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

Mr. Dunlap told the boys the Athletics Committee were trying to get a Tri-State league, composed of Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri, for next year.

A LETTER TO LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

On behalf of the entire staff of the Callotype, I wish to say that, it has indeed been a great honor and privilege to edit our school paper this semester.

I trust we have proven ourselves worthy of the job.

Some staff members as I, will be leaving Lincoln as mid-year grads. Others will be faced with new jobs around L. H. S.

Our present staff therefore, will have to disband and make way for a new one.

We wish our successors luck and success in their future task.

Fellow Lincolniters, I repeat, it has been an honor to serve you.

Robert Anderson, Jr., Editor-in-Chief.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCES CONTEST AND EXHIBIT

A traveling exhibit, "The American Press," sponsored by the Newark (N. J.) News in collaboration with the New Jersey State Museum, will be on display at the Lincoln University School of Journalism, during Negro Newspaper Week, February 24-March 3, 1946. The exhibit, consisting of 25 panels, traces the development of the newspaper from the beginnings in the form of Papal Bulls, pictograph writing and Chinese business letters, down through Colonial days and up to the present day.

The 118th anniversary of the Negro press will be observed at the Lincoln U. School of Journalism with the regular annual convocation addressed by an outstanding journalist, February 28.

Five Lincoln University Curator Scholarships in Journalism are now open to residents of Missouri desiring to study in the School of Journalism. The scholarships are worth \$50 each and will be awarded for the first time next semester to qualified students.

The first state-wide feature-writing contest for Negro High School juniors and seniors is now under way in Missouri sponsored by the Lincoln University School of Journalism. Prizes for the winning 1,000-word feature articles on "What Factors Do You Expect to Aid the Negro in Your Community Toward Wider Realization of Democracy?" are \$50 first, and \$25 second.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Questions that have caused Insanity among old Lincoln:

1. Will you repeat the question?
2. Must we write on both sides of the paper?
3. Can I pass?
4. Shall this be in ink or pencil?
5. Can I sit with Ernest?
6. Why didn't I get a better grade than Betty. I did as much as she?
7. May I go get my admit. I left it in the office?
8. What did you say the lesson was?
9. May I turn my notebook in next week?
10. Is this to be tomorrow's assignment?

Buzzing the Second Floor

Out of all Miss Betty Foreman's typing classes, Bobbie Harkwick is doing lovely work on both her test and daily work. (Both count you know).

Mr. E. Washington's World History 1-2 classes haven't been doing so well.

In his fifth hour World History 2, only Richard Randolph, Barbara Jean Taylor and Alberta Scott are doing superior work. In the sixth hour which is World History 1, Andrew McClendon, Armenta Brassfield and Piccola Fanniel are doing superior work.

(What's wrong, Sophs? Can it be Mr. Washington's statement each week or so—"Head your paper Oral Review," skip down two lines, and number your paper starting at one and number to thirty-three.") Where do you start if it's not at one?

My, but Mr. Dunlap is a killer diller. If it weren't for his broad smile, and happy-go-lucky stories of "When I was a boy," "a fellow told me," or "did you know that," his classes would not be as jolly as they are.—Betty J. Brown.

THE LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Volume 22

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, MARCH, 1946

Number 6

Awarded War Department Certificate

On February 27, 1946, Miss Naomi Cherot, well known teacher of Lincoln High School, was awarded a War Department Certificate of Appreciation issued jointly by the Secretary of War, the Commanding General, the Army Service Forces, and Major General William G. Livesay, United States Army Commander, covering her service as a member of the Seventh Service Civilian Advisory Committee for the Women's Army Corps.

The Committee has been organized for two years. The duty of members is to go to different women's service units and inspect the camps. While visiting camps, Miss Cherot spent a week inspecting Fort Des Moines in an effort to help better the WAC's recreational facilities.

Lincoln is very proud to have such honor given to a member of the faculty.

Lincoln Undergoing Face - Lifting

Lincoln's face is being lifted, these days. Unsightly cracks in the plaster have been mended, and are being painted.

Barring the smell of wet paint, and the delicious temptation to rub one's fingers on the wall to see if it is wet, as the signs say, everybody is happy because the ugly spots are being removed.

LINCOLNITES, ATTENTION!

The Lincoln Callotype has changed printers. The printing service of Lincoln University has consented to print the Callotype for us at a price which makes it possible for us to add the extra sheet you've been craving. The staff of the Callotype is very proud because we have wanted a larger paper since the beginning of school this season, and also because the work will be done by people of our race.

We, the staff of the Callotype, wish to thank Lincoln U. very much, because the extra sheet will give us a chance to get more experience in the field of journalism.

VOCATIONAL ASSEMBLY IS HELD

On March 11, the students of Lincoln High school listened to three speakers representing the fourteenth Vocational Opportunity Campaign sponsored by the Urban League.

Mr. James S. Hattler, of the National League, introduced the first speaker Mr. John F. Mornine, who stressed the need for more teachers. He stated that the number of people entering the teaching profession is fifty percent lower than formerly.

The second speaker was Mr. John Gregg, manager of the Atlanta Life Insurance Company. He talked on the number of Negroes owning businesses before World War I.

Because of the shortage of time, Mr. R. L. Groves, owner of the Groves Dual Service General Auto Repairing and Welding Company, could only give greeting to the students.

Mr. G. S. Ellison, principal, gave closing remarks for the assembly.

Gertrude Kelley Broadcasts over KMBC

Gertrude Kelley was chosen as the student news reporter to broadcast the school news over the radio program, "Inside the News," March 4. Twice a year Lincoln has the opportunity of sending a member of the newswriting class down to the KMBC studio.

Miss Wynbush and Miss Kelley were treated with courtesy upon arriving at the Pickwick Hotel. A hostess escorted them to the studios on the tenth floor where they checked in, and were introduced to the famous commentator, Erle Smith.

Mr. Smith explained to them how the news is received, as soon as it happens, and is sent to the studio over four teletype machines.

After the talk with Mr. Smith, the hostess escorted Miss Wynbush and Miss Kelley to the eleventh floor.

Miss Kelly came on the air as soon as Erle Smith finished his 2:15 broadcast. She was given four minutes, instead of the usual three minutes that are allotted to the student reporters.

STUDENTS PRESENT NEGRO HISTORY WEEK PROGRAM

On Tuesday February 12, 1946, in the Auditorium of Lincoln High School, an assembly was held for the purpose of celebrating Negro History Week.

The program began with the Lincoln High School chorus singing "My Lord's Writing," a Negro spiritual by J. Rosamond Johnson.

The program, carried out entirely by students, was one of the most interesting held this year.

After the song, the speakers took the platform, and held the attention of the audience with their talks. Ernest Blackman talked about "Keeping the Faith." Richard Fisher spoke on "Caution in Life's Venture." Richard Graham told some interesting facts about "Some Problems of the Negro Youth." Samuel Hamer asked and answered the question, "What's on your mind, Mr. G. I. Joe?" and Bobbie Hardwick discussed "Some Social and Economic Gains and Our Fight to Hold Them."

After the speakers, the audience sang "America the Beautiful." Mr. G. T. Bryant, the vice-principal, made remarks. Edmond D. Washington, of the Social Science Department, sponsored the program.

LINCOLN'S BATTALION TO HOLD PROM

The annual R.O.T.C. Prom will be given by the R.O.T.C. Cadets on the fifth day of April in Lincoln gym.

All cadets who have paid their fee will be able to attend. The prom is sponsored by the R.O.T.C. Battalion. Invitations will be given out to the cadets who will dispose of them as they wish.

Cadets are to wear their uniforms, and their dates will wear formals. This prom is an annual affair to which cadets always look forward with eagerness.

LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

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WHY BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS?

Even though the war is ended, it is still necessary to purchase war stamps and bonds.

Bonds can be used for more personal things than jeeps and tanks.

Wise students who save and spend their money for stamps and bonds can be sure of a college education, that summer vacation they've been longing to take, and their own home in the future.

This year the sale of stamps has not been as great as it should be. One or two advisors have purchased few or no stamps.

Look forward to tomorrow with bonds and stamps.

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Richard Fisher has lost his wolfing technique?

Anna Price says that she is tired of being a onesome and from hereafter she's starting with a hubba-hubba-hubba?

Barbara Lucas has a flame in her heart for **Lincoln Jackson**.

James Palmer calls himself an "Evil Guy".

The "four squares", **O. F. R. S., M. H.,** and **D. I.** have lost their friendship? What happened?

Ella M. Jones says that she will dig her claws deeper for **A. D.**, now that she has him back, and hold him?

Willa M. McGee stays in the mood for **Gilbert Hickman**.

Mark Tatum has matrimony on his mind?

Billie Jean Coleman and **John Gray** has started a romance and **John** says he's "Spellbound"?

William Reynolds says to **Barbara J. Doty**, "I Realize Now"?

WHY?

Why do people take dramatics, when they can't act and don't try?

Why do girls buy more hair when they have enough?

Why doesn't the Junior class get hep to their jive?

Why doesn't a certain little girl take the boy's picture off her locker? (She isn't getting anywhere).

Why does Miss Dixon insist on keeping her sixth hour class in every day?

Jabberwocky and Jive

"Take The A Train" to my heart, sings **Donnie Motely** to **Clarice Ware**.

"Please Won't You Leave My Man Alone?" begs **Ernestine Campbell** of **Barbara Thompson**.

"As Long as I Live," you'll always be a part of me, sighs **Dorothy Walker** to **Kenneth Mills**.

"Love Is a Merry-Go-Round," once your feet leave the ground, sings **Lucille Gridine** to **Lucky Allen**.

"Without Your Love" I can't live, declares **Kenneth Garrett** to **Rose Mary Tilley**.

"I Got a One-Track Mind," now I've found the girl for me and my life, croons **Lincoln Jackson** to **Grace Taylor**.

"Don't You Remember Me?" My darling you were the one who said you were mine, **Virginia Starkes** reminds **Ernest Lee**.

"If I Loved You," words wouldn't come in an easy way, sings **Rufus Miller** to **Margaret Stiles**.

"Wait And See," my heart will still be true when you come back promises **Evelyn Walker** to **Richard Hill**.

"Embraceable You," says **John Gray** to **Freddie Stevenson**.

"I Cover the Water Front," says **James French** to **Lula Belle Stamps**.

"I'll Be Drifting Back to You," says **Rose Gowans** to **Genevieve Mitchell**.

"Hurry, Hurry, Baby," wails **Nancy Miller** about **William Crowder**.

"Please Believe Me," pleads **Richard Harris** to **Delma J. Valin**.

PROGRESS ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

By **Margaret Caples**

In life we should learn that, if we want to go ahead on the road to success, we must take the words "I can't" out of our vocabularies. Every failure should make us more eager to try again.

If we want to make rapid progress on the road to success, there are certain basic rules which we must always remember. Being courteous is one. Just keep in mind the Golden Rule, and "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Always be punctual, and try to be happy. Smile. Be honest, and sincere.

The small tasks are the ones that count. These add up to the large things that are important to successful living. Whatever you do, always do it in the best way, in order that you won't have anything to be ashamed of, but that you can feel proud.

Let success be your aim, in a progressive life, but be willing to work to obtain success and progress.

WANTED

.....A boy friend for Cozetta Bingham.

.....Just one special boy for Onita Lowe.

.....Another laugh for DeLois Stovall.

.....A walk less like a zombie for Spencer Rambo.

.....A cupid around L. H. S. (There are too many sad sacks of protoplasm walking around).

.....Longer dresses for Bonnie Bell Tidwell.

.....Cleaner trays and dishes in the Cafeteria.

Gravel and Gertie's Lovelorn Column

Dear Gravel,

I am very fond of a junior and I'm sure he is as fond of me as I am of him. Each time I see him I won't say anything to him, I always long to be near him, but I don't want to make him think I'm running after him. What shall I do?

A Sad Soph

Dear Sad Soph.

How do you expect to get better acquainted with this junior if you get tongue-tied every time you see him? The one thing a boy dislikes about a girl is bashfulness. Take my advice and talk to him, and your longing to be near him will soon come true.

Gravel

Dear Miss Gertie,

I am hopelessly in love with a boy who graduated last year. We get along well together with the exception that he is jealous. I endeavor to be true to him, but I have a tendency to play around with other boys. His sister tells him everything I do. Do you think she should do this?

Despondent

Dear Despondent,

I don't think your boyfriend is jealous. He's just furious with you for flirting and if you loved him, you wouldn't flirt with every boy you see. Yes, his sister is meddling, but don't all sisters tell their big brothers everything? For goodness sake, don't be called a "flirty girl" Don't always bring yourself down, be uplifting.

Gertie

Dear Gravel,

I am engaged to be married soon. The boy is very nice but I don't like him. I have fun with him, it's true. What shall I do?

Worried

Dear Worried,

My advice to you is to break this engagement right away and explain to him that you don't love him. Without love a marriage is no good. I hope you won't make the mistake of so many who do not love one another.

Love means everything, and everything in marriage is love.

Gravel

Dear Miss Gertie,

I am sixteen and a senior in high school. I live with my aunt who is very mean to me. She won't let me have company. I slip out and meet my boyfriend, but I don't think that's very proper. Would you advise me what to do? My mother is dead and my father—well goodness knows where he is.

Helpless Senior

Dear Helpless Senior,

It seems as though your aunt is old as far as I could get from your letter, but have you explained to her that you are old enough to take company? Why don't you invite him to your house sometimes and let auntie meet him?

Maybe her seeing him and getting acquainted with him will ease things for you.

If this doesn't work—well I would advise you to wait until you finish high school and then you will be more or less on your own.

Gertie

THE GATES OF GOLD

By G. S. Ellison

This little poem is presented to Callotype readers, especially in the Senior class of Lincoln High School, with a recommendation that it be read thoughtfully. It suggests a good method for all of us to use in evaluating and disposing of the news involving other people, commonly called gossip, that so often leads to unpleasant results.

THREE GATES OF GOLD

*If you are tempted to reveal
A tale to you someone has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of Gold;
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And it to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.*

—Beth Day.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

If all the students of Lincoln High practiced courtesy for a while, there would be such an improvement in their personalities and in the atmosphere of the school that it would be a greater pleasure to be in their company than it is now.

—Andrew McClendon.

SLEEPING BEAUTIES OF L. H. S.

By Gloria Smith

Sleepers in Lincoln High each day slumber away the hours. Students who are probably direct descendants of Rip Van Winkle will hide behind those sitting in front of them and sleep.

You will probably find sleepers in every class, as well as in the study hall and the library. There are a few shrewd ones who will sit erect and sleep. At the first glance, you will not notice them. Then you are astonished by their ability to sit upright and not fall out of their seats. Yet they look extremely intelligent. The only way you can tell they are not awake is that their eyes are closed.

Sleeping in class rooms should be done away with, because it lowers the standard of the school. To visitors it is outrageous for high school students to sleep in their class rooms.

WHAT'S THE USE?

By Gloria Smith

*If you don't go out for football,
you are a slacker.
If you do go out for it,
Your nose will probably be broken.
If you do not have school spirit,
the Lincolniters call you names;
If you do, some say you're showing off.
If you pass in all your work,
some say you have a pull.
If you flunk out, you're a "feeble wit,"
So, what's the use, Loyal Lincolniters?*

I Shall Meet You In Heaven

By Gaillard Gray

Rolling drums resounded from the high iron fence of West Point to its parade grounds. It was graduation day, and the companies marched smartly over the field.

Then came the exercises. The colonel handed out the certificates. As Johnny Lordenfield's name was called, a tall, rather handsome Cadet stepped up, and with a salute, received his certificate. The colonel called Eric Chelton's name, and a shorter, goodlooking Cadet stepped up and received his certificate. The Colonel continued calling names.

The excitement of graduation was over, and the Cadets celebrated that evening. As the evening wore on, the boys about the train station began to thin out and disappear altogether. They were going home —to stay—or at least until they went into some branch of the service. Johnny and Eric had been fast friends at West Point. So as they walked through the busy station toward their trains, the fact that they were to separate held a little sorrow.

"Well, that's that. It's all over now, Eric," said Johnny not too flippantly.

Eric nodded. "Yeah, can't say I didn't have a pretty fair time at the old place though." He sighed. "I am going to miss you, too, Johnny."

Johnny smiled. "Same here, Eric," he said. "Of course it won't be long before we're both in some branch of the service. What are you going to join?"

"It'll be the Army Air Force for me!" said Eric with a little hope in his voice.

"Okay, then it's the Air Force for me!" cried Johnny.

"One way of dying is as good as another!" the boys said simultaneously, then laughed briefly.

"Well, we'll stand a better chance of seeing each other that way," said Eric quietly. They walked a little way in silence, then stopped before Johnny's train.

"Well." Johnny fumbled, then thrust out his hand. Eric grasped it. "So long, fellow," said Johnny.

"All aboard!" they heard the conductor yell.

"So long," said Eric. Johnny climbed onto his train as it began to move, and waved from the doorway. Eric, standing beside his luggage case, waved back.

Johnny went to his seat and put his luggage bag in the overhead rail. Then he sat down and looked out of the window. He watched the buildings pass as the train moved out of the city. Then the great, wonderful countryside began to pass before his eyes. Johnny wished he could sniff the flowers that covered those great fields, or fish in the lake he watched twist around the banks and under the lazy evening shade of the large oaks. Johnny's thoughts were hazy as he looked out over the green fields speckled with daisies and wild flowers.

The steady rumble of the train's moving had long since begun to beat upon his brain, and everything seemed to be there that tended to make one's thinking drowsy and dreamy. He drew back in his seat, then closed his eyes. Tomorrow I'll be home, he thought. Mom, Dad, and of course there'll be Evan with his jalopy at the station. He drew a long breath. I—I wonder about Kathleen. I wonder if—if she's still in love with me. Kathleen, the girl I left behind when I went to West Point. He laughed briefly. Well—Johnny opened his eyes, sat up, and resumed looking out of the window.

"Tomorrow will be tomorrow, as usual," he said.

There was a jolly family reunion the next day at the station, and as the chauffeur drove Johnny and his family up

the hill toward the mansion, there was much talking and laughter inside the car.

When they reached the house, Johnny, unable to restrain his great joy any longer, leaped first from the car, ran up the steps, and into the house. Passing through the corridor, he turned and climbed the high marble stairway and passed through the halls on the second floor, then turned and went into his room. For a moment he lingered and gazed about; then walked over to the huge, oval-shaped window which covered the entire surface of the wall. Johnny pushed aside the venetian blinds and gazed down at his image in the outside. "Home, sweet home," he said to himself with a smile. He turned abruptly and strode out into the hall.

"Mother," Johnny cried. There was no reply and he ran down the stairs. "Mother!" he cried again.

"Yes, what is it, dear?" He heard his mother's voice reply from the library.

"I haven't seen Kathleen," said Johnny. "Where is she?"

"She's at home, I suppose," his mother replied.

Johnny went into the library. "Is she ill?"

"Why don't you go over to see her?"

"Yes," said Johnny, becoming puzzled, "I think I will." Johnny went outside and crossed the garden to the garage. Inside he climbed into his roadster. "Kathleen must love me," muttered Johnny to himself. "She's GOT to love me." He backed suddenly out of the garage. There was a sharp crash, and Evan stood in the seat of his jalopy.

"Now look what you've gone and done, Johnny!" he cried. "You've knocked off Betsy's fender."

Johnny stared at the wreck in amazement, wondering how anything in that condition could run. "If you don't get that dust heap out of my way," he cried in pretended anger, "I'll blow it over with my exhaust fumes."

"Oh yeah!!" cried Evan with mounting anger.

"Yeah!" Johnny taunted back at him.

"Okay," Evan replied. "I just brought it out to surprise you anyway, but that fender cost me two bucks!" Johnny backed out past the wreck into the driveway and smiled.

"Take it from me, you've been gypped," he said, then drove off. Evan brushed the hair back from his face with his hand. "I wonder what he thinks he's ridin' in?" he said to himself.

Half an hour later Johnny strode through the corridor of Kathleen's home. A servant trailed him.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" Johnny cried.

"Please, please!" The servant tried to quiet him. Johnny glanced impatiently at him and started up the stairway, but he stopped abruptly. At the head of the stairs stood Kathleen, her auburn hair flowing over her slender shoulders.

"I tried to stop him, Miss Mason!" said the servant. The girl's lips parted, and she started down the stairs. Johnny met her at the center of the stairway, and embraced her.

"Johnny!" she said softly.

"You had me worried there for a while," Johnny said quietly, catching his breath.

"Why didn't you meet me at the station?" Johnny inquired. "Didn't you know I was coming?"

Kathleen nodded with a smile. "I knew," she said, "but a girl doesn't run to the station to meet her home-coming boyfriend when she doesn't really know whether or not he wants her to."

They walked down the stairway hand in hand. "Do you believe I love you?" Johnny asked.

(To be continued in the next issue)

NEW BOOKS IN THE LINCOLN BRANCH LIBRARY

Jacobs, Helen Hull—*Laurel for Judy*.

The story of a young athlete who discovers that sportsmanship and a will to win are only half the battle of becoming a champion.

Hazlett, Edward E.—“*Rig for Depth Charges*.”

The stirring story of a young naval officer that is spiced with adventure, intrigue and light romance.

Pease, Howard—*Thunderbolt House*.

From the first day Allen's inherited a fortune and a mansion things began to happen to the family.

Ulanov, Barry—*Duke Ellington*.

An outstanding biography of the top man in America's most original art form.

SCHOOL DAYS

By Estena Thompson

*School days are the best of all
For those who will attend;
Who begin early in the fall
And go on to the end.*

*Our school days surely are the time
To prove just what we are.
Though we've no money, not a dime,
In class we still can star.*

*In French we learn to read and write
We get our English, too;
Our history we must recite,
Some home work we must do.*

*School days of mine I do enjoy,
I do my very best.
These precious moments I employ
And work, instead of rest.*

Rhythm on the Downbeat

By Kenneth Stone

The swing band is coming on strong, for the boys are really playing some fine jive with our leader Kenneth Mills, better known as “The man with the horn,” who blows gobs of trumpet.

The boys are putting in lots of practice in the evening in order to present a fine social for the students soon. The swing band has now four girl singers who are giving out with some fine vocals.

That is all for now, hepcats and jitterbugs. Look for this column, “Rhythm on the Downbeat,” in your next issue of the Callotype.

HEALTH CENTER

The city health department of Kansas City is giving an X-ray survey to all high school students.

There has been a question as to the number of histoplasma or fungus cases and tuberculosis cases. The X-ray will help to determine the answer.

Students should make Lincoln High one hundred percent by getting their X-rays at General Hospital No. 2. All X-rays will be given free.

SENIOR STARS AROUND L. H. S.

Boys

Peter Lorre	Eugene Bernard
Gene Kelly	Conrad Buckner
Clark Gable	John Gray
Tyrone Power	Robert Harding
Jon Hall	A. D. Davis
Frank Sinatra	Douglas Smith
Red Skelton	Rufus Miller
Turham Bey	Bernard Whitlock
Dana Andrews	Donald King
Alan Ladd	Tyson Williams
Cornell Wilde	Ernest Blackman
Van Johnson	Charles Gibson
Charles Boyer	Tytus Collins
Joseph Cotten	Thurman Bogart
James Craig	Phillip Jefferson
Sidney Greenstreet	Alfred Allen
Bugs Bunny	Peter Johnson
Gary Cooper	William Hopkins
John Payne	Lincoln Jackson
Humphrey Bogart	Waymond Killingsworth
Robert Walker	George Smith
Harry James	Kenneth Mills

Girls

Betty Grable	Laverne Blackburn
Dorothy Lamour	Grace Taylor
Lauren Bacall	Barbara Byrd
Veronica Lake	Dorothy Walker
Betty Hutton	Jamesetta Ward
Deanna Durbin	Opal Flemming
Gene Tierney	Rebecca Seals
June Allyson	Freddie Stevenson
Leslie Brooks	Margrite Brown
Joan Davis	Willa Mae McGee
Margaret O'Brien	Rose Mary Tilley
Ingrid Bergman	Donna Baker
Hazel Scott	Marcline Sims
Sonja Henie	Betty Hemmitt
June	Betty Ann Bryant
Bette Davis	Gertrude Kelley
Martha Ray	Eunice Pearson
Hildegarde	Mary Alice Rabrun
Beulah	Catherine Smith
Joan Crawford	Essie Turner
Cass Daley	Marjorie Cox

CLASS COMPETITION

We as Lincolniters know that a school cannot be run successfully without participation from every student, Sophomore, Junior, or Senior. There is a long line of events coming up before us and now is the time for all good students to decide whether or not we can meet them. They must be met with strong action, not with weak intentions.

We need not emphasize recent happenings within our walls, but we need to think of future happenings and what we are going to do about them.

We would be exaggerating if we said that class competition has no place in our school; but we must not let class competition cause a separation in the school.

If the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors alike, will throw off their class pride and get in and dig for dear old Lincoln High, we would see results deserving of our own approval.

Over the Desk

● Corridor Guides are to be commended for doing an exceptionally good job, to date. They take their work seriously, sit in a dignified manner, keep constantly alert, do not socialize. The students, too, are due a pat on the back for their cooperation and respect.

● February was a banner month for pupils who came to school on time. Tardiness tumbled from a high of 54 on January 4 to only 4 on March 6. On several days fewer than 10 were tardy. Whether this was due to the good weather, the large number of notices sent to parents, the tardy clinic in room 104, or the slow school clock, I do not know. But the experience is most edifying. (Honestly, I would give the nod to the latter.)

● Paseo Student Council representatives say they were duly impressed with our school; believe they found several usable ideas which they would like to try out. We were glad to have them visit us.

● Many school administrators were jubilant in singing the praises of our Lincoln High School's performance before the American Association of Administrators. Dr. Mabelle Glenn, Music Supervisor, thought that the singing was excellent.

● The Lincoln Callotype staff is putting out a fine little sheet—good news, sound editorials, some gossip, interesting

L. J. C. SPORTS

The Lincoln Junior College Panthers finished their five-game season Friday with a whirlwind attack on the Western Seminary quintet, which left them gaping to the tune of 28-17.

The Preachers led during most of the first half of the game because of Arthur Bell's inability to hit the basket, but, beginning with the second half, the Panther forwards rapidly ran up a lead which threatened to double the score. When the final whistle blew, L. J. C. was ahead by 11 points, thanks to stellar plays by Clifford Brown, John W. Williams, William Herman, and Thomas Jelks.

The Panthers played Stowe Teachers, Sumner Junior College and Lincoln High Varsity this season.

features. It continues to be the students' paper (not the teachers') without loss of dignity and purpose.

● The office is completing a map showing the locations of pupils who are most frequently tardy to school. Most of the dots on the map are within a ten block radius of the school. Several chronically tardy pupils live within three hundred yards of the school. Recently, the results of a survey have been sent to the Public Service Company in the hope that it will give better service to the pupils during the morning rush hours.

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THE LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Volume 22

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, APRIL, 1946

Number 7

All-City Student Council Meets

The All-City Student Council met Monday, April 8, in the Lincoln Junior College lounge. Approximately forty representatives from different high schools of the city were present.

The members were interested in exchanging ideas and advising each other in their school problems.

Students from Southeast High were interested in clearing their campus of dandelions. Their greatest problem concerned cleaning the dandelions without ruining the grass.

Northeast High School reported sponsoring a safety demonstration Tuesday, April 9, for the welfare of all the students of the school.

R. T. Coles representatives reported they are sponsoring a movie to raise money for the Student Council.

All senior representatives expressed concern over raising money for the annuals, which are presenting quite a problem so far as funds are concerned this term.

On General Award Day the council is planning to present certificates to Student Council officers for such excellent performances of duties.

The members received a letter from the student council of a high school in Czechoslovakia, asking the Kansas City Council to correspond with them. The Czechoslovakia council also asked for American music and other items of interest.

The Student Council officers will hold their annual meeting at the Phillips Hotel in May.

POLICE ASK COOPERATION IN REDUCING ACCIDENTS

As stated by Sgt. Kenney, "Students should not stand in the streets and thumb rides. Always stand on the sidewalks if thumbing rides is necessary."

Help make Kansas City "The Safest City in the U. S. A."

Sgt. C. E. Kenney of the Flora Avenue Police Station has asked the support of Lincolniters in reducing the traffic accidents within the district.

Police statistics show that, during the first three months of 1946, there have been a total of 398 traffic accidents with sixty-four injuries and one fatality.

Statistics also show that the traffic record to date is as follows:

Fatalities to date, 1946	11	same period 1945,	10
Injuries to date, 1946	317	same period 1945,	306
Accidents to date, 1946	1297	same period 1945,	967

Many accidents are caused by children darting into the streets without thinking and looking first. Crossing with lights, and the use of the sidewalk will cause a decrease in street accidents. Everyone can help by driving and walking more carefully.

THERE IS ONE thing certain about a well-dressed woman: she has taken trouble. And to take trouble is to strengthen character.

—Robert Lynd.

WHO'S HAVING GREENS FOR DINNER?

By Gertrude Kelley

Spring must certainly be here! Not long ago, W. D. Dunlap's third hour history class went outdoors to have a little fun picking and digging the lovely little dandelions that are popping up all over the campus.

Like everyone else around Lincoln, the professor seemed to have a case of spring fever. At least, one thought so, from the way he was strutting around with his coat off, and head up, taking in deep breaths of fresh air.

Surely Mr. Dunlap must believe that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," because the class did all the work while he gave out instructions, during his leisure from strolling and inhaling fresh air. However, every one seemed to be enjoying his little job of removing the greens from the grass. The class must have gathered about four bushels with their little, green hand-spades.

No one had the intention of being overworked, unless it was Billy Hopkins, who, working hard and fast, never stopping, must have picked a tub full of greens.

Erma Ward, not being as energetic as Billy, carried only three lonely dandelions at a time. Eugene (Juicy) Kirtley took advantage of the situation and played a game of marbles. Robert Landers loafed, but got quite busy every time Mr. Dunlap made a false move. Jessie Patton, looking like the typical W. P. A. worker, sprawled out on one of the stone benches sunning himself, with dandelions in each button hole. Larus Parker looked as if he were on a sit down strike, but he was careful to choose a shady spot.

Every one was idling around having such fun, that no one was interested in the time.

Soon, however, the professor took out his watch and told the class that it was time to go back in. The students took the last, long, lingering look at the outdoor scene, then dragged back into the building, taking with them one final breath of fresh air.

What was the class's purpose for digging these greens? Why were they so careful to keep them in such a neat pile? Did some member plan to creep back at an appropriate time and cart off those greens for dinner? We'll never know!

Jimmy Wilcox, '44, Receives Honor

Jimmy Wilcox, Lincoln '44, has recently been commissioned commanding officer over 450 R.O.T.C. cadets, of whom only four are colored, at Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas.

Captain Wilcox entered Saint Louis College in September, 1944. In September, 1945, he entered the School of Veterinary Medicine at Kansas State College.

Always outstanding in the R.O.T.C. at Lincoln, Wilcox was commissioned major in '44. He was also on the rifle team of '44.

When in Kansas City, Captain Wilcox lives at 2501 East Twenty-eight Street with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilcox, Sr.

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Students Visit Polls

During the recent election, Inez Collins, Freeman Smith, Margaret Stiles, Harold Robinson, Genevieve Mitchell, and Gertrude Kelley went to three of the polling places to observe.

At Twenty-sixth and Garfield, the voters and registrars were engaged in eating chili and crackers. No one paid much attention to the reporters. During the time that the registrars were not helping the voters, they were also engaged in reading funny books and in embroidery.

Johnny Young, the Captain at Twenty-sixth and Garfield, gave Miss Mitchell and Miss Kelley a general idea as to how the election was running. He stated that more people were voting this year than in the previous election because of the school tax levy.

Inez Collins and Margaret Stiles were not admitted at Twenty-sixth and Highland because they were not voters.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES YEARLY MISSES

Have you heard of the school's latest club? It is called the Yearly Misses and was organized February 2. The sponsor of the club is Mrs. Robertann Stanton.

The officers are: President, Hazel Garner; Vice President, Jacqueline Caldwell; Secretary, Blanch Dewey; Assistant Secretary, Cora Mae Clark; Treasurer, Marcelle Belle; Chaplain, Doris Morrow; Sergeant-At-Arms, Marguerite Johnson; Reporter, Willa Mae McGee.

Evelyn Adams, Betty Boston, Mae Helen Ingram, Louvenia Kelley, Betty Gayle Pierce, Jacqueline Woods, Delma Jean Volin, are the other members.

The girls chose lime and green for their colors. They meet every Tuesday after school in room 304.

Choir Sings at Grand Avenue Temple

Another high-light in the Music Department was observed when 60 members of the school's 100 voice chorus sang at Grand Avenue Temple during Holy Week under the sponsorship of the Kansas City Council of Churches.

The two selections sung were the hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and the anthem "Sanctus," by Gounod.

Jabberwocky and Jive

"Why Do You Treat Me the Way You Do?" asks William Faniel of Marlene Hammond.

"I'm Just A Lucky So-and-So," declares Wardell Stamps to Estena Thompson.

"I'll Live True To You," vows Martha Baskett to Edward Sampson.

"One More Dream and He's Mine," sighs Della Barnett about Hubert Ferguson.

"In The Dark," whispers Evelyn Thompson to Kenneth Mills.

"I Realize Now," says Vonsella McClinton to William Carson.

"Things Ain't What They Used To Be," weeps Alberta Douthard to Jesse Saxton.

"Can't we get together?" queries Larus Parker of Joyce Hamilton.

"I'm a Lucky Gal," avows Gladys Hill to Charles Herring.

"I Said No and You Said Yes," states Charlene McClellan to D. A.

"It's You That I'm Mad About," croons Cozetta Bingham to Donald Garrett.

"I Stay In The Mood For You," sighs Barbara Butler to Harold Chapman.

"Coax Me A Little, Will-ya, Huh?" begs Pearl Spearman to J. F.

"I'm Tired of Waiting For You," cries Gwendolyn Hill to Robert Coates.

"Take Me Back Baby," begs Mable Durham of Fred Stewart.

"I'm Your Thin Man," whispers Kenneth Waldo Stone to Shirley Hightower.

"Everybody Knew But Me," weeps Rose Ann Clark to Thomas Jelks.

"I Can't Get Started With You," declares Louis Swopes despairingly to Waltetta Donaldson.

"I Understand," whispers Reaford Stelle to Laura Shepherd.

"Love Me," begs Alice Burns of Richard Harris.

"I'll Be Loving You Always," vows Bernard Whitlock to Marcheta Valentine.

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Ted Moore and James Matthews have an eye for all good looking girls, especially the junior girls?

Rosetta Sims tries to be a wolverine?

Jacquelyn Woods has a flame in her heart for Donald Wyn?

Perry Gines and Lillie Belle Clark have been seen together quite often? What's that they say about "In the spring a young man's fancy....?"

Tim Nelson should do something about his big feet?

Jacob Armstrong is better known as Strike Nine and Sweet Papa?

Donald Mosley is better known as Lazy Clay?

Dorothy Muse is just a little country girl in town?

Elaine Culliver isn't doing so bad with R. W?

Willa McGee is acting lady-like? Is it because she is a senior?

Two former Lincolniters, Samuel Jones and Richard Hill, are in the School of Graphic Arts at Lincoln University and are helping with the printing of the Callotype?

Gravel and Gertie's Lovelorn Column

Dear Gravel,

I am very fond of a girl in my advisory and she doesn't pay any attention to me. What shall I do to get her attention again?

Sad Sack

Dear Sad Sack,

Wait until school is out some evening and go out in front of the school and slide down the flag pole singing the Star Spangled Banner, and you won't only get her attention, but everyone will stand at attention.

Gravel

Dear Gertie,

Do you think that a girl should meet a boy at the dance and pay her own fare or let him come to her home and take her there?

Simple

Dear Simple,

That was a silly thing to ask, because naturally a boy should pay your fare and escort you there also. It wouldn't be any point in paying your fare and "getting with him" after you get there.

Gertie

Dear Gravel,

I am in love with C. R., but I don't know whether she loves me. Whenever I see her on the street she crosses the street and hides. Is she bashful? I should appreciate it very much if you could help me solve this problem.

S. J.

Dear S. J.

Don't let her know you are running after her, because she will just act funny always. Maybe it is just that she is bashful and doesn't want anyone, and not even you to know that she loves you as much as you love her.

Gravel

Dear Gravel,

I am in a very miserable position. I am in love with a boy in the army, but since he went away I've been going out with another boy, who I like, but do not love. My soldier boy-friend is coming home and I want to quit this other boy. If I do, the civilian will do something dreadful. What shall I do?

Worried

Dear Worried,

If you are in love with this soldier and just like the civilian, why not tell him that you don't love him? Evidently you must have led him into thinking that you loved him or he wouldn't take this attitude.

Gravel

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Seniors Produce Romantic Dramas

On April 11 and 12, the Dramatics Department of Lincoln High School presented the annual Senior Play, "Garden of the Moon," in the Lincoln Auditorium.

The play, a romantic drama, was different from the previous productions that have been presented, because it was more serious than any that have been given in the past. The student body and public both welcomed the change, and enjoyed the play tremendously.

A special comment was given J. O. Morrison, director, by a teacher who stated that the play was one of the best he had ever seen presented.

Mr. Morrison had difficulty in selecting the cast for the matinee and evening performances, as both casts were equally good.

Waymond Killingsworth and Mary Alice Rayburn starred as Jerry Gaylord and Betty Lou Palmer. Other players who were praised for their performances are: Roy Jackson, William Hopkins, Norman Trigg, Genevieve Mitchell, Mary Jean Walton, Gertrude Kelley, and Betty Rose Tollett.

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER

By Gloria Smith

Many of us have dwelt within these walls for almost three years, now, and we feel perfectly justified in wishing June would hurry so that we can say, "Put That Ring on My Finger and That Piece of Paper in My Hand."

For some, the goal of graduation will have been easily obtained, while for others the going was difficult. Still they struggled on, carrying the heavy burdens placed upon them, and now they pat themselves on the back for not allowing themselves to fall by the wayside as some of their comrades did in the early part of their educational career.

There are many of whom we shall be proud in the future. We shall be happy that it has been our pleasure to know them. Still, there are others who will probably be soon forgotten, and who will step into the sidelines as the determined and willing push ever onward and upward.

With the event of graduation approaching closer, all seniors are hoping against hope that nothing happens to prevent their receiving their diplomas on a certain night in June.

STUDY CLASS SEES MOVIE

Mr. Lynk showed a movie cartoon, "Puttie Pup, Home Wanted" on Thursday April 4, for the third hour study class of which Mr. James McQueary is the instructor. The movie lasted only three minutes, but every body enjoyed those three minutes.

—Selected

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I Shall Meet You In Heaven

By Gaillard Gray

(Continued from last issue)

"Why didn't you meet me at the station?" Johnny inquired. "Didn't you know I was coming?"

Kathleen nodded with a smile. "I knew," she said, "but a girl doesn't run to the station to meet her home-coming boyfriend when she doesn't really know whether or not he wants her to."

They walked down the stairway hand in hand. "Do you believe I love you?" Johnny asked.

"We'll find out later," she said with a laugh which puzzled Johnny.

"It might be fun guessing," he answered.

"Then you come with me!" laughed Kathleen as she took him by the arm and led him quickly down the corridor.

After an hour's drive Johnny and Kathleen reached Joe's boating house. It was like the first day they had come which was at least six years ago. Nothing had changed, they thought.

The lake was as large and blue as it usually is in early summer, the great mountains stood out against the skyline like the huge things they were; the tall evergreen trees were dotted by the red and yellow birds flying across the tree-tops. The mountains were snow-capped as usual, and the air was moist.

After a while a canoe was rowed down the lake, close to the shore. Kathleen gayly laughed and the canoe passed under overhanging trees and the summer countryside was shown.

"Golly, this is too beautiful to leave," Johnny said and heaved a sigh wistfully.

"Leave?" said Kathleen, becoming puzzled.

Johnny nodded. "I'm enlisting in the Air Forces tomorrow."

Kathleen started. "Johnny, give yourself a little time!" she urged.

Johnny shook his head. "They'll give a little time," he said. "I won't need much. Kathleen, I don't want to have any worries about war when I settle down. This is what I want—a canoe ride, this nature. It's what we want, Kathleen, not war."

Kathleen rested her head against his shoulder, and Johnny pressed his lips to her hair.

"Then give me a little time, Johnny," she murmured.

"Is my life time enough?" Johnny asked.

"How about forever?" said Kathleen with a smile.

"Even after we have died?"

"Kathleen laughed. "We might have to be satisfied with each other's letters in case we're in different places," she joked.

"Come to think of it, you're right," Johnny said with a smile.

"Of course I'll try to slip you through, but if St. Peter says 'no', then 'no' it will have to be."

At seven o'clock the next morning, Johnny quietly tipped into Evan's room. After a rough shaking, Evan sat up drowsily.

"Hurry up, and get into your clothes," Johnny said softly.

"Now what brilliant idea possessed you to get me up at this time of the morning?" Evan said very unpolitely.

"Quiet!" Johnny said with a smile, "You'll wake up the whole house!"

"Aw, so what?" Evan said, dressing slowly.

"Nothing, except that I'm going to wring your neck if you don't keep quiet."

"I'll take your word for it," Evan said quietly.

The boys left the room and then slipped down the stairs and quietly out of the house.

"I wanted you to come with me because I'm going to enlist today, Evan."

Evan's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Golly, Johnny," he said, "I wish I were old enough. Why didn't you tell the folks?"

"We'll surprise them," Johnny replied, then laughingly said: "Come on, do you want to ride in my car or your jalopy?"

"I'll take my car any day," Evan said quickly, "and besides I'll race you to the recruiting office!"

"Your funeral." Johnny said. The recruiting office is a day's ride, your junk heap won't make it."

"Mighty funny, Johnny, so let's get going." Evan replied with a faked laugh.

Exactly ten hours after they had left, the boys returned. Johnny's car lead the way and had Evan's in tow as they drove up the dusty road.

Johnny rushed into the house and strode excitedly through the corridor into the study.

"I've done it," he said flippantly to his mother and father sitting there.

"What's that you've done?" inquired his father, not looking up from his desk where he was busily writing letters.

"Enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Corps!" Johnny said quickly.

Johnny's mother gasped. "What?" she said in a faint voice.

His mother turned her head slightly. "Oh," she said in a lower tone.

"Sure, I did it this morning," Johnny continued, not seeming to notice his mother's distress.

Johnny's father had stopped his writing and now looked up. "Couldn't you have waited a while, Johnny?" he asked.

Johnny shook his head. "I wanted to go now," he replied.

"I don't mind your joining, Johnny," said his mother, "but it's the thought that you might not come back, that this might be the last time I'll ever see you, these last few weeks."

Johnny's father had resumed his writing, but he wasn't so busy now, he seemed to be thinking deeply as he wrote.

"Don't worry mother—I'll come back," Johnny said with assurance. Footsteps were heard in the corridor and Evan entered. He was wide eyed with concern.

"And I'm going in two years from now!" he said.

"Two years from now there won't even be a war!" Johnny laughed.

They all laughed with him—all except Evan.

"Well, I'm glad for your sake, Johnny," said his father.

"Thanks, dad," Johnny replied with a smile.

"And since that's all over," said Johnny's father, "suppose we all go down to dinner."

They all locked arms and laughing and talking while they went, they descended the marble stairs, passed through the corridor on the first floor, and proceeded toward the dining room.

(To be continued in the next issue)

DON'T QUIT

By Genevieve Mitchell

When the path you're trudging seems uphill,
When things go wrong as they sometimes will—
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
School is queer with its twists and turns—
When the teacher is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must—but do not quit.

The goal may be near when it seems afar,
And you never can tell how close you are.
When they might have won had they stuck it out,
Many at failure have turned about.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow:
You may succeed with another blow.

As silver rays tint clouds of doubt,
"Success is failure turned inside out."
When the E's are low and the F's are high,
And you'd like to smile, but you have to sigh,
Stick to the fight when you're hardest hit;
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

Mrs. Effie G. Irvine sends us this copy of her favorite poem, which expresses her own great desire in life:

COMPENSATION

I'd like to think when life is done
That I had filled a needed post;
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast;
That I had wasted all my days
The breath of life, and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.

I'd hate to think when life is through,
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind, that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think that here and there,
When I am gone, there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;
That someone's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I have been worth while,
That I had paid with something fine,
My debt to God for life Divine.

—Author Unknown

STUDENTS ENJOY MOVIE

Recently the Spanish Department presented a Pan-American Day program under the sponsorship of Mrs. E. Spurlock Wilson, Spanish instructor.

Ernestine Campbell gave a talk in which she explained the significance of Pan-American Day.

A Bible Test in Mathematics

How Many Ladies in My Department?

Write the sum of the ages of Moses and Aaron when they spoke unto Pharaoh; multiply by the number of Moses' sons; subtract the number of elders, who tarried while Moses went up into the Mount of God; extract the root expressed by the numbers of omers of bread each Israelite was permitted to gather on the sixth day while in the Wilderness; divide by the amount of manna Moses put into a pot to be kept through Aaron's generations; subtract the number of righteous that God finally promised Abraham if he would find in Sodom the city would not be destroyed; add the number of cattle of the children of Israel that died during the plague of murrain; add the number of days darkness that were in the land of Egypt during the plague of darkness; add the number of stones Joshua commanded the people to take out of the midst of the Jordan and leave in Gilgal where they lodged the first night after crossing the river; subtract the product of the number of the Israelites numbered by Moses and Aaron who entered Canaan and the number of tables of testimony written with the fingers of God; the result will be the number of ladies in my department plus one. How many ladies are working in my department?

Answers found on page (6)

—N. Q. Hubbard.

REDEALS ON TOUR

The Redeals, a fraternity protege group of boys who are in Lincoln High School and Junior College, have taken a sight-seeing tour. Their first trip was to the Art Gallery with Mr. Bryant as sponsor. They took their second trip to the Kansas City Museum recently, with Mr. Wilson as sponsor.

Bernard Whitlock, William Hopkins and David McFarlan were guests of the club.

The Redeals have taken in two new members, Tyson Williams and Paul Williams. These members were initiated Monday, April 8, at the home of Thomas Brassfield.

The roster of members taking the tour follows: Basil Phillips, A. D. Davis, John Harwell, Waymond Killingsworth, Trenton Fleming, Leon Montgomery, Paul Pittman. Other members were unable to attend.

After Miss Campbell's talk, the audience saw the movie, "South of the Border." At the conclusion of the picture, Mr. Ellison stated that more students were enrolling in Spanish than ever before.

COURTESY IS THE EYE which overlooks your friend's broken gateway—but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden.

—Lyman Abbott.

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Over the Desk

The senior lunch period continues to be a demonstration that young people can, if they desire, deport themselves in an orderly manner without force or persuasion. While conditions are not perfect, they approach the ideal more closely than at any other time since I have been in Lincoln.

It was a pleasant surprise to see a host of young workers from Mr. Dunlap's classes attack the vicious dandelion. This type of service is good. The student assumes an interest in the appearance of the school grounds; a diversion from the usual class routine is accomplished; students enjoy the worthwhile experience of working cooperatively for the good of all.

If two score students, out of more than eight hundred, would become regular pickers-up of paper and debris, the school building would look better. There are a few of these rare souls among the student-body who are brave enough and energetic enough to pick up a candy wrapper or paper napkin, but the great majority have yet to learn the value of this character performance. Somehow, they consider such an act beneath their dignity. The other week we heard of a high school in Chevy-Chase County, Maryland, whose students mopped floors, scrubbed walls, cut grass, trimmed shrubs, washed windows. All of the students were children of parents whose income exceeded 25,000 (twenty-five thousand) dollars per year.

So far the paint is chipped off the corner of the entrance to only one room. The room is on the second floor. The interior of the school has looked exceptionally well without a coat of paint in ten years. It is up to us to keep the walls spic and span now that the painters are completing their job.

The new type clip holder placed, for experimental purposes in the door of room 203 had a hard way to go. Several students and one custodian could not resist the temptation to remove it. It has been in the door now four weeks. If the experiment works, next year all the room's will have clip holders. They look better and are easier to maintain.

Lincoln High was to act as host to the All-City Student Council. The visitors say they liked our building.

—CTB.

SOLUTION TO NUMBER OF LADIES IN MY DEPARTMENT

This problem may be easily solved with the following information:

Sum of ages of Moses and Aaron when they spoke unto Pharaoh-163 (Ex. 7:7)

Number of Moses' sons-2 (Ex. 18:3)

Number of elders who tarried-70 (Ex. 24:9)

Number of omers each permitted to gather on the sixth day-2 (Ex. 16:22)

Amount of manna put in by Moses-1 (Ex. 16:33)

Number of righteous to be found in Sodom-10 (Gen. 18:32)

Number of cattle of the children of Israel that died during the plague of murrain-0 (Ex. 9:4)

Number of days darkness was in Egypt-3 (Ex. 10:22)

Number of stones carried-12 (Joshua 4:19)

Number of Israelites who entered Canaan-2 Num. 26:65)

Number of tables of testimony-4 (Ex. 31:18, Broken, Ex. 32:19, renewed Ex. 34:1)

—N. Q. Hubbard.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT

The corridor guides under Mr. Campbell's direction have one a very fine piece of work in improving the students manners and conduct while they are in the halls.

Mr. Ellison and Mr. Bryant have done a very fine job also. They tried to teach the students a courtesy. They helped keep the halls quiet and clear of children during the greater part of this year.

The school was improved by having the walls and some of the rooms repainted. It gives the school a better look and the students appreciate the change very much.

There is one more improvement the school needs. The drapes in the Auditorium have hung there for many years and now they are very dirty and need a cleaning. There is no use in letting those good drapes rot from dirt. So students there is something to think about—trying to get the drapes cleaned.

LINCOLN HOLDS ANNUAL FIELD AND INSPECTION DAY

By Lt. Norman Trigg

The Lincoln Battalion Annual Inspection Day was held on Lincoln Field, April 17. Competition was between the Coles and Lincoln Battalions.

The Lincoln Battalion was inspected by the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, and an officer from Omaha.

The boys in the Platoon and Squad Drill that received high honors are: First place, Cadet Staff-Sergeant Thomas Brassfield; second place, First Sergeant Perry Gines; and third place, First Sergeant Robert Blackwell.

Battalion drill was won by the Lincoln Battalion.

Field Day Entries and winners are: Battalion, Coles: Company Drill and Platoon Drill; Battalion, Lincoln: Squad Drill; Individual Drill, Alfred Gines, Company B.

Battalion parade was won by Lincoln.

The Lincoln Battalion marched in the Army Day Parade on Saturday, April 6.

Eight Pins Presented to Newswriting Class

By Sammie Lee Randolph

Freddie Stevenson, Genevieve Mitchell, Willa McGee, Sammie Randolph, Gloria Smith, Anna Price, Gertrude Kellie, and Francis Thompson, were awarded pins for improvement of their work in journalism.

Each pin is engraved with a typesetting machine and its operator on a black enamel background, and bears the name of the position each person holds on the staff.

The recipients are very proud of their awards.

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THE LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

Volume 22

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, MAY, 1946

Volume 8

Students Interview NAW Heads

On April 18, Ida Pearl Govan, an American Problems student, and Gertrude Kelley, a member of the Callotype staff, were among the eighteen students from the Kansas City high schools who went to the penthouse of the Muehlebach Hotel to attend the conference being held by the delegates to the National Association of Manufacturers.

Ira Mosher, president of N.A.M., and also president of the Russel Harrington Cuttery Company, of Massachusetts, and Warren Whitney, manager of The National Cast Iron Pipe Company, of Alabama, and also an officer in the Association, gave the students an informal interview in Mr. Mosher's suite.

The members of the National Association of Manufacturers feel that there are so many problems arising that is necessary for the people to get together so that they can understand the organization and its purpose.

Mr. Mosher stated that people generally think of business as big, but fail to realize that seventy per cent of all the business is made up of small concerns. The small firms also have as much voice with the organization as the large firms.

Mr. Mosher also explained that the N.A.M. is not organized to make profits by raising prices, as the public thinks.

Mr. Whitney pointed out that free enterprise built up the country and that the main purpose of the organization is to maintain that standard. The theory of the Association is that business can promote the system that made America great. The plan of the Association is to make it possible for all people to make an adequate income.

BETTY BRYANT IN RECITAL

The National Sorority of Phi Delta Kappa, Alpha Alpha Chapter, presented Betty Ann Bryant, in a piano recital, in Lincoln High School auditorium, Sunday, May 12.

Miss Bryant, a pupil of Mrs. Desdemona Davis, played nine selections, composed by such artists as Mozart, Scarlatti, Debussy, Scott, and DeFalla, with great skill.

Miss Mildred Guthrie, lyric soprano, assisted.

JUANITA AKINS, '45, WINS PARTS IN KU PLAY

Juanita Akins, '45, now a physical education major at the University of Washington, in Seattle, recently doubled in an All-University show, "They Can't Do This."

Many talented students, both white and colored, were auditioned. Juanita was given the part of Mom, and later also the part of a Negro girl, for her fine acting.

A white student was first given the part of a Negro girl, but because Juanita did a much better portrayal, she was selected for that part along with her original role.

The script was written by Joe Klaas, also a student at the University, Klaas wrote the play while he was in a German prison camp, and produced it for his fellow prisoners.

The play deals with nine members of a bomber reunited after their home coming. It shows the adjustment problems confronting the men who have lived through the war as comrades devoid of prejudice.

Talent scouts were present at its production.

Lula Belle Stamps is Yearbook Queen

By Genevieve Mitchell

The annual battle of the books ended on April 26, with Lula Belle Stamps coming through to victory by the sale of 474 year books, thus becoming Lincoln's 1946 queen.

Mary Jean Walton, ranking second with the sale of 310 books, Jessie Mack and Dorothy Hill, ranking third and fourth with the sale of 113 and 255 books respectively, are the queen's attendants.

Martha Baskett, Ella May Harvey, Palmetta Williamson, Opal Fleming, Doris Brashier, Marjorie Cox, Jamesetta Ward, Anna Williams, Delores Johnson, Nancy Miller, Arthurine Cornell, and Betty Bryant were the other contestants.

The girls sold 2600 annuals.

For the first time in years the book price has been increased to sixty cents.

PRE-NURSING EXPERIENCE OPEN TO SENIOR GIRLS NEXT YEAR

The Kansas City Public Schools, co-operating with the hospitals in Kansas City, through the co-operative Occupational Education program, will offer to qualifying students an opportunity to get practical pre-nursing experience during their senior year in high school.

Training experiences will include taking temperatures, pulse readings, admitting and dismissing patients, giving baths, making beds and the supervision of recreation and play activities.

Menorah, Mercy, General, Research, St. Mary's, Trinity Lutheran, and Wheatley are among those hospitals co-operating with the public schools.

To those qualifying students the training will begin early in the summer and continue as a definite part of their regular school program next year.

Any girl who is interested should contact the school counselor or school co-ordinator for additional information.

STUDENT COUNCIL ASSEMBLY

The first all-city Student Council exchange assembly was held in the Lincoln Auditorium Tuesday morning May 7, by Southwest Girls Ensemble, and Southwest Swing band which plays at Yardly and Barkway Beaches in the Summer in the Ozarks.

Basil Phillips, secretary of the all-city Student Council, presented Tom Congleton, master of ceremonies.

The Swing band played "Train in the Night," "Stardust," "Woodchopper's Ball," "Little Brown Jug," "String of Pearls," "Apple Honey" and "Day by Day." The Southwest girls Ensemble sang two songs.

Visitors to the assembly were Phillip O. Leary, of the all-city Student Council, Paseo; James Grimes, Vice-president, Southwest; Roy Monroe, Coles; and Dove Smalins, Southwest.

The Faculty and student body enjoyed the assembly and hope to have a return engagement.

LINCOLN CALLOTYPE

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AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

Within the next few weeks a number of Lincolniters will graduate and begin to face the complex problems of life.

Among the number will be a few who, in years to come, will reflect credit upon their alma mater and upon themselves. During their years of preparation, they have had sufficient foresight and vision to look beyond the walls of the classroom, out into the world and fit themselves in a practical manner for the duties of life.

A few of the number who come out as graduates will fall in with another group of human beings and become useless burdens upon the already tottering structure of present day civilization.

Thinking people welcome the graduates into the practical world and bid them here cast off the illusions of superiority and prove by their works their rights to leadership.

Graduates are at the gateway to life where they will find many allurements and temptations. They should choose well. The future will be what they make it.

SAVINGS FOR FUTURE USE

Within a few short weeks schools will be out and students will be leaving for work. Some will look for steady jobs and others for part-time work.

No matter what job one gets, he should save his money. Later when he wants certain things, all he will have to do is go to his savings and get the necessary amount.

The reason many a young person does not save is that he does not have a saving goal—that is, a certain objective for which he saves. For instance: If one wants to go to college, he should start putting away part of his earnings for that purpose as soon as he starts working.

This summer every student should choose a goal. When he receives a pay check, he should not go out and spend his money here and there, foolishly and thoughtlessly. He should take some of his money and put it into his personal savings. Then he should use some for things that he really needs. He can use the rest for his enjoyment. He should also remember to keep buying bonds and stamps.

Fame is vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; those who cheer today will curse tomorrow; only one thing endures—character. —Horace Greeley

LOOKING BACKWARD AT THE CALLOTYPE

As I read with interest the last issue of the Callotype and recalled that there would be only one more during this school year, I felt inclined to reflect briefly upon the work done and to ask this somewhat searching question: "What has been the major educational service rendered by the school newspaper during the year now rapidly drawing to a close?" True, the school paper has been a medium through which a small group of students could learn something of the way that news is gathered, processed and presented to the reading public. It has also given to the same group of students a means by which a unit of graduation credit could be earned. In addition, it has been a convenient and ready device for providing the opportunity to use in a practical way the English tool, toward the mastery of which so much time and effort are spent in English classes. Granted that these are all legitimate and worthwhile outcomes, yet does any one of them represent the most vital cultural service which a school newspaper does or can render?

A public high school is a small community, resembling in size and population characteristics many of the smaller political communities that make up our national social order; hence the major function of a school newspaper in the area of mind and character development is similar to that of the daily and weekly publication that constitute our national press. Just as a responsible local newspaper exercises a potent influence in respect to local civic issues, so an efficient school newspaper can and should have a voice in student affairs that is recognized and respected. Every newspaper with a sense of public responsibility, in addition to selling news, serves the community in the most vital educational way by developing and building public opinion in directions that contribute in a substantial way to social well-being. Similarly, a school newspaper should have as its major cultural function, the stimulating and moulding and guiding of student group thinking in ways that will contribute most to school welfare.

How has the Callotype met this fundamental test of school service this year? Has it adopted an editorial policy and view-point which reflected clearly and courageously the newspaper's stand in matters pertaining to school well-being? Has it clearly sensed the evils existing in the school community which it serves and rigorously and persistently used its influence to build up a student opinion that would help to eradicate them? Has it been, in the life of the school, a recognized force for the development of an attitude of respect for law and order in the student body? In short, has it been a conservative influence, working at all times toward the accomplishment of social ends that would tend to raise the social life of the school to a higher plane? Has there been real effort made to mold and direct student opinion into channels of right thinking and right action that would enhance the character and reputation of the school; or has there been merely a willingness to follow the crowd and content itself with being a dispenser of Jabberwock and Jive and Gertie's Lovelorn Column?

These questions are not intended as an indictment of the Callotype. They are raised merely in pursuit of an honest inquiry. The school paper is to be commended for whatever worthy aims have been accomplished in the sphere of formative effort. But whatever possibilities there may be in the area of student leadership toward school improvement that have not yet been attained, these should not be overlooked, as vital and challenging objectives for the next school year.

—George S. Ellison



WHAT THE GIRLS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THEM

By Gloria Smith

Drapes Solid if not carried to the extreme.
 Long coats "Arful."
 Konks Lousy, stay away from my house with it.
 Big Caps Most on, if you're handsome.
 Jitterbug hats 'S a killer.
 Cowboy Shirts Keep 'um in the west.
 Riding Habits O.K., if you're on a hoss.
 AAA Reet Mister, if you have small narrow feet.
 Fingertip coats Cute.

And take it from me, Wolves, this is what we consider "hep."

TRAILING THE TIGERETTS

Handball is a popular part of the Lincoln girl's sport program. The girls have been a-jumping-here and a-jumping there, to sock it over the line.

Handball has been played as a tournament in some of the gym classes. The results of the Girls' Handball Tournament are as follows:

First hour	Maurine Hill
Third hour	Gladys Holoman
Fourth hour	Dorothy Hill
Sixth hour	Estella Johnson

HAIL, LINCOLNITES!

By Elnore Fields

This is our last issue of the Callotype for '45-'46. We, the staff, hope you have enjoyed reading the paper as much as we have enjoyed working on it.

We promised you a larger paper and we are proud that we have been able to keep this promise.

So good luck to the staff for 1946-47.

SO LONG L.H.S., SO LONG!

By Willa Mae McGee

But yet it's time to say so long.
 So long L. H. S., so long.
 The time has come and we are gone,
 We've had our thrill upon the hill.
 But the time has come, so long.

You've made our life so gay,
 We've had some time to play,
 Each day we prayed for this great day,
 So we could say, so long.

We say so long, and not goodbye,
 For if we did, we'd almost die.
 We'll be lonesome when we've gone,

"FAREWELL DEAR LINCOLN HIGH!"

WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Best Girl Actress	Laverne Blagburn
Best Boy Actor	Waymon Killingsworth
Cutest Girl	Geneva Shakespeare
Cutest Boy	Ernest Blackman
Smartest Girl	Flora Parker
Smartest Boy	William Hayden
Best dressed Girl	Barbara Byrd
Best dressed Boy	Titus Collins
Most Attractive Girl	Arthurene Cornell
Most Handsome Boy	Bernard Whitlock
Most Popular Girl	Mattie Shields
Most Popular Boy	Tyson Williams
Silliest Girl	Yvonne Starks
Silliest Boy	Lincoln Jackson
Loudest Girl	Leona Jones
Loudest Boy	Conrad Buckner
Most Ambitious Girl	Margarett Stiles
Most Ambitious Boy	Jesse Patton
Most Studious Girl	Ida Govon
Most Studious Boy	Paul Pittman
Best Athletic Girl	Gloria Smith
Best Athletic Boy	A. D. Davis
Skinniest Girl	Estella Johnson
Fattest Girl	Catherine Smith
Fattest Boy	Alfred Allen
Tallest Girl	Jessie Mack
Tallest Boy	William Hopkins
Most Dignified Girl	Anna Hughes
Most Dignified Boy	Robert Anderson
Most Bashful Girl	Lucille Griddon
Most Bashful Boy	Seymour Hill
All Around Girl	Doris Brashiers
All Around Boy	John Gray
Most Conceited Girl	Anna Davis
Most Conceited Boy	Jerome Graham
Most Talkative Girl	Ruth Bunn
Most Talkative Boy	Rufus Miller
Shortest Girl	Rose Mary Tilley
Shortest Boy	Peter Johnson

SENIOR HUMOR

Mr. Wilson—Marceline, what is the method of choosing the electors?

Marceline—The presidential electors for each state are now chosen on a general state ticket.

Mr. Wilson—You're on the right track, but you haven't got enough steam.

Mr. West—How many tastes do we have, Edna Mae?

Edna—Two.

Mr. West—Name them.

Edna Mae—Good and bad.

IMPORTANT DATES

By Anna Davis

Junior Play Thursday May 16, 8:15 P.M.
School Auditorium

Commencement June 7, 8:00 P.M.
Music Hall

Junior-Senior—Reception Friday, (May 24).
Award Day Friday-May 31
School Auditorium

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—
By Betty Brown

John was Blue instead of Gray?
Betty was Green instead of Brown?
Anna was Less instead of Moore?
Margarette was Gates instead of Stiles?
Titus was Answerin instead of Collin(s)?
Barbara was Chicken instead of Byrd?
Yvonne was Limber instead of Stark(s)?
Sammie was Ran Home instead of Randolph (off)?
Kenneth was Pennies instead of Mills?
Arnetta was Up instead of Down(s)?
Kenneth was Brick instead of Stone?
Betty was Baste it instead of Hemmitte?
Betty was Stringy instead of Lacy?
Dorothy was Stand instead of Walk(er)?
Frances was Boat instead of Ship(ley)?
Lulla Belle was Letter instead of Stamps?
Rufus was Blacksmith instead of Miller?
Dorothy was Road instead of Hill?
Donna was Fryer instead of Baker?
Jeanette was Cement instead of Clay(borne)?
Martha was Tub instead of Basket?
Ernest was Whiteman instead of Blackman?
Robert was Soft instead of Hard(ing)?
Jamesetta was Guardian instead of Ward?

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

William Andrews and his sister Julia are called "hot mama and hot papa" of Lincoln Hi?

Reverend Williams climbs the fence on the east side of the tracks when he leaves school?

Leonard Mackerel plans to wreck his mother's car again this year after the reception?

Eugene "Juicy" Kirfley has a new suit?

Wilbur Davis calls Delois Stovall his "Honeydripper?"

Donald King keeps asking Cora Clark "Do Ya Ever Get That Feeling in The Moonlight?"

Jesse Saxton is "Tippin In" on Jean Watts soon?

Charlene McClellan and Tyson have been seen walking the hall in a daze. What could the matter be?

Beverly Watson has "set the world on fire" in a certain boy's heart, but she says she only had the intention of "starting a flame, but in his heart?" (uh huh!)

Roy Gibbs has become the unfortunate victim in the development of fermentation?

GIRLS RESERVE JOTS

On May 6, the G.R. elected Onita Lowe, president, Doris Morrow, Vice-president, Faith Johnson, secretary; Elnora Gibson, assistant secretary; Billy Jean Coleman, treasurer; Selene McThomas and Ida Mae Johnson, Inter-Club Council Representatives for the next year.

On May 18, the G.R. held a girl reserve subscription dance, for the benefit of raising money for the conference.

On May 20, the Installation Service for Coles and Lincoln newly-elected officers was held at the Y.W.C.A. at 3:30.

On June 3, Lincoln Girl Reserves will have their third Spring Annual Formal. Each G.R. must pay \$1.00 to be eligible to attend.

Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

—Longfellow

I Shall Meet You In Heaven

By Gaillard Gray

(Continued from last issue)

Kathleen managed to keep her lead as they approached an orchard. With inches to spare, she cleared the small, rail fence and rode under the trees. Seconds later Johnny's horse cleared the fence and followed Kathleen. Johnny caught up with her as they rode down a grassy little slope, then crossed a narrow dirt road, its path strown with small stones. For two hundred yards they rode silhouetted against the blossoming peach trees. Their horses leaped a ditch which irrigated the pastures, knocking clogs of dirt and grass into the cool water below.

Crossing the rail fence again, they headed out into the clearing, Kathleen tagging a length behind.

The length won the race for Johnny as he rode onto the mound. Kathleen folowed him and slipped from her saddle onto the grass.

"I'm dead tired," she declared. Johnny laughed as he took off the horse's saddles, then removed a portable radio from his saddlebag and handed it to Kathleen.

"Look what I've brought," he said.

"Umm, dance music," she replied with a smile.

"The horses are tired," Johnny said as he took off the last saddle. "I'll let them get a little free exercisé."

Kathleen turned. "Do you think it's safe?" she asked.

"Sure," Johnny replied. "They'll have to come back for their saddles."

The horses galloped off as Johnny walked back over the mound.

Kathleen turned as she had been looking out over the field.

"Hold it," Johnny said with a grin. He took her hands in his.

"I want to remember you this way all my life," he said softly, "standing here against the skyline—the wind blowing your hair—and so darned pretty." Johnny drew her near to him. "Kathleen," Johnny pressed his lips against her hair and murmured softly, "I'm crazy about you darling."

Kathleen placed her soft palms to his cheeks, "I feel the same way about you, Johnny," she murmured.

Suddenly Johnny's lips met Kathleen's and they kissed.

"Darling, will you marry me?" Johnny said when they parted for breath. Kathleen's chestnut eyes glowed as she sat down, startled.

Johnny sat beside her. "We could make it a week from now, or better still, tomorrow," he continued.

Kathleen nodded, "Yes, but not tomorrow—we'll announce it tomorrow—" They gazed into each other's eyes happily.

"And if they say no, will you marry me anyway?" Johnny demanded.

Kathleen nodded again. "But they won't say no."

"All right, we'll announce it to all of our parents and relatives together at my home tomorrow," said Johnny, as he began to set up the radio.

"After knowing you since I was fourteen, they can't say no."

Kathleen had started to gaze out over the fields toward the woods, while Johnny was left setting up the radio, and seemingly talking to himself. "You know, Kathleen, about the only reason they would go against the marriage would be because you're only seventeen." Kathleen vaguely heard his last words and turned back to him quickly.

"I want to marry you, Johnny, before it's—before you go away." Johnny was thinking hard as he set up the radio, and he tried to change the subject.

"There, it's a good thing we don't have to plug that thing in," he remarked as he turned it on. A chorus of girls' voices was singing "Danny Boy."

Kathleen rested her head on Johnny's shoulder. Her imagination followed the song as she hummed the tune.

The summer day seeemed to pass far too quickly for Johnny and Kathleen, as they waded in the brook nearby, rambled in the woods for berries, danced by the radio music and finally even chased their horses across the pastures in the evening, for they didn't come back for their saddles after all.

The sun had long ceased to roll over the great fields of fresh grass, and a beautiful violet haze was all that was left, save for the carefree breeze that caressed the lonely blades of grass, and tumbled the hair of Johnny and Kathleen as they led their horses back across the grass fields—deciding not to ride—and an orangelike glow lighted their faces. Johnny sang a few verses of "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," but Kathleen, believing that he was mockher, ended it with a crack of her riding whip over Johnny's head.

"Now will you stop that dreadful noise?" she asked in pretended anger.

"Just when I was getting the pitch," said Johnny. "Well you won't do that when you're my wife," he added.

"That's what you think," laughed Kathleen.

"We shall see tomorrow," Johnny replied.

Johnny helped Kathleen into her saddle and mounted himself. Kathleen smiled as she watched him, admiring his tall figure.

"I think you're the most handsome boy in town," she remarked.

Johnny smiled, his fine features lighted by the sunlight, everywhere almost perfect.

"Holy Cow, what a line!" he said laughingly.

"I mean every word of it," she protested. Again Johnny sang "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," and Kathleen laughed cheerfully.

At noon, the next day, Kathleen sat by the large windows in the study of Johnny's home. (there she sat, running her fingers along the ribbon on her blouse and looking vacantly through the panes.) In the other part of the room Johnny's and Kathleen's parents, and a few relatives were bickering over the discussion of the marriage to come. At the time, Kathleen seemed to be intently interested in something going on outside the window, though at one time she heard a high voice cry above the others, "But Kathleen's too young!" There was a few seconds silence as Johnny's familiar footsteps were heard in the hall.

Johnny entered and quickly glanced over the faces glaring at him.

"Well, I see Kathleen has spilt the beans," he said cheerfully.

"I should say she has!" said a grey-haired uncle quietly.

"Oh, I—" Kathleen came to his side.

"I didn't think anyone would approve," he said taking her hand.

"But Kathleen and I just can't wait—it would have made a difference to us if you had approved, but I guess it won't matter too much—and I am sorry no one agrees."

The bickering went on again.

(Continued on page 6)

I SHALL MEET YOU IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 5)

"Johnny!"

Johnny's father rose and crossed the room to them. Putting his arms about the two, he whispered, "You have my consent."

"Your word has always been my word, Michael," the grey-haired uncle said.

Kathleen clasped Johnny's father about the neck.

"Well," Kathleen's mother began, "If everybody agrees, I suppose there's no reason for me to hold out."

No one heard what the other said, for no sooner were the words out of her mouth than the room was filled with happy cries and those present crowded about Johnny and Kathleen, congratulating them.

Johnny and Kathleen were married the next week, and not quite three days later, Johnny received notice to report to his base within forty-eight hours. A week later, he was shipped to an air-training base in Texas.

Months of training followed. Johnny drove himself on more and more each day, and after the first two months, he began to "get the hang of it."

It was the first snow in the winter of 1943 when Johnny received his final furlough home. By now it was "old stuff" for his parents to greet him when he came back from some place, and this time was no exception.

before they reached the enemy, they banked away to the right and left, and to their surprise the Americans pulled out of their dive beneath the enemy. Forty more Nazi dived from the clouds. "I knew I should have stayed in bed," Eric shouted.

The reception at Kathleen's home was nearly as great as that at his own, and before long Johnny and Kathleen were walking in the snow-whitened garden behind her house.

Kathleen felt very sad, as she felt Johnny's check against her own. She had been so cheerful and bright that morning, so gay through the day, but now the day was over, Johnny had joined the air force and would soon go away. There was little or nothing to be happy for now, (except for the fact of being in his arms).

"It's too bad you have to leave, Johnny, it's heavenly here—" Johnny smiled and squeezed her hand softly as they began to walk again.

"See the railroad tracks from here, Kathleen?" he asked and she nodded.

"When I return home," he continued, "my train will come along those tracks. Will you be standing here in 'heaven' when I come by?"

She nodded smiling. "Of course I will, Johnny."

Warmly, Johnny's lips were on hers. Johnny laughed softly. "You were going to cry weren't you," She sighed quickly.

"How many more days have we left, Johnny?"

"Tomorrow is the last," he replied.

"Then where will you go?"

"Overseas, maybe—does it matter, darling?"

"So much, Johnny," her eyes met his for the moment and her red lips parted in a slight smile.

"You're always running off, Johnny. You've never really lived near me—now since it isn't schooling it's the Air Force. Let's make up this evening for all the time you've been away."

And until it grew dark, they walked in the garden, speaking in whispers.

Only one week later, early one morning, twenty transports made a landing on a field in England. As one of the huge planes rolled to a stop, Eric Chelton's face appeared drowsily in the doorway. "Say, where am I, what do you call this town?" he asked of a mechanic driving the truck to pick them up.

"Hop out flyer," cried the mechanic, "you're in England."

"Well, bust my britches!" Eric grinned as he leaped to the ground and began looking about, in common with the other flyers who followed him from the plane.

As another plane taxied to a stop, Johnny's face appeared in the doorway. The truck drove up and the mechanic remarked cheerfully, "Well, if it ain't a nice, shiny-barred lieutenant! Say, I'll bet you don't know where you're at!"

"Don't tell me—could it be England?"

"Sure, that's right, how'd you know?"

Johnny smiled as he climbed into the truck. "Oh, I just saw Big Ben in the distance."

For some time the mechanic just sat there, thinking, wondering how anyone could have such extraordinary eyesight. He then shook his head scornfully as he started the truck once more. "You liar you—u—" he repeated over and over to himself.

Some of the men in the truck were so tired from the plane trip that they slept quite contentedly on the floor of the truck with their barracks bags under their heads. The others were laughing and talking. Johnny was preparing to write a few lines home, when he discovered his pen was out of ink.

"Has anybody got any ink?" he asked loudly.

"I ought to have some here in my bag—" started a young second lieutenant as he laid down his cards and turned to search his barracks bag.

"Eric!" Johnny cried and Eric raised his head from the bag and stared in amazement at Johnny. Eric reached for Johnny and gave him a bear-hug. "Well I'll be darned, Johnny, you outrank me by one rank! Well, that's West Point for you!" For a moment or two they were both speechless and the men in the truck were now beginning to debate their wise-cracks.

"Now look, Eric," said one of the players, "we don't mind your over-flowing 'cup of joy,' but either you give us a chance to win our money back, or a beautiful friendship is going to be minus number two party."

The men in the truck laughed heartily, and Johnny and Eric laughed, but the private who drove the truck slowly across the field still was wondering how any one could have such extraordinary eyesight as Johnny.

Breakfast was interrupted the next morning as two trucks and a jeep pulled up outside the messhall. A sergeant climbed from the jeep and stood in the doorway. "Okay, you guys, breakfast's over. Pile into those trucks."

"Says you. I'm finishing my breakfast first," a captain said without even looking up.

"That's okay with me," the sergeant replied, "but you won't finish it here on this earth. There's enemy planes on the way here!"

Eric leaped up. "Action!" he yelled.

The men piled through the door, overturning chairs and dishes on their way.

Minutes later the trucks came to a stop on the field, where thirty planes were lined up with their engines run-

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I SHALL MEET YOU IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 6)

ning. The men piled from the trucks and into the planes. Eric's plane was next to Johnny's. The mechanic helped them into their chutes.

"They must be in a hurry," said Eric. "They've got the engines running."

"Could be, but do know you the squadron leader? That's the guy we've got to follow," Johnny shouted over the roar of the engines.

"There he is at the other end," Eric yelled.

Down the field the planes began to take off. Johnny's turn came. Eric followed him. After twenty minutes of flying Johnny caught Eric's eye and pointed downward with his thumb. Eric looked down to see the White cliffs of Dover. Eric smiled. "So long, England," he said to himself.

After flying over the channel a while, Eric looked down to see sixteen Nazi planes. "Chelton to squadron leader, Chelton to squadron leader. About sixteen Jerries at six o'clock!" he said into the mouthpiece.

"I've spotted them," the leader replied. "Follow me, you guys."

"It's a long way down!"

The planes went into a long dive. As they approached their target, Johnny lined up a plane in his sights, but just before they reached the enemy, they banked away to the right and left, and to their surprise the Americans pulled out of their dive beneath the enemy. Forty more Nazis dived from the clouds. "I knew I should have stayed in be," Eric shouted.

The Americans tried to gain altitude, but they were met by enemy fire. Two of them went down in smoke.

A Nazi plane machine gunned Johnny's plane, and Johnny ducked just before the bullets crashed through his window.

Three American planes dived in single file to Johnny's aid. As each plane pulled out of its dive, it opened fire on the Nazi. The enemy plane burst into flame and crashed into the channel.

A Focke-Wulf 190 flew straight at an American plane, his guns blazing. The American plane rolled over in smoke and went down. The Focke Wulf banked and got on the tail of the squadron leader, blasting away with every gun. His fire raked holes into the leader's plane. Johnny, seeing the leader's plight, dived to his aid. The squadron leader did an inside loop, but the Jerrie kept on his tail. The leader came out of the loop and went into a side slip. The Nazi opened fire. The leader's plane burst into flames, and dived for the channel. The pilot tried to open his cockpit window, for the cockpit was filled with smoke, but the window was jammed. In his panic the pilot pounded against the glass but it did not break, and the leader slumped over unconscious in the cockpit. His plane crashed into the sea. The Nazi banked away, but he banked into Johnny's fire, and his plane burst into flames. Bullets zinged through his window, and the Nazi slumped over. His plane crashed into the sea behind the squadron leader.

The evening rolled on, and as the P-51s came in for a landing the pilots had grown up. They had seen blood spilled quite freely. They had seen men shoot men as though their lives were that of nothing—for had they not done so themselves? They were glad the day was nearing an end. Some that wished they themselves had been shot down, so they would not have to spill any more of another man's blood.

Out of thirty planes that had taken off that morning

only nine had landed.

The morning air was foggy and extremely cool as the fighters, Johnny and Eric and another pilot flew 23,000 feet above France on a mission that was extremely important and equally as dangerous. The invasion of Normandie had long since been over and this mission was to aid allies fighting below.

Johnny signaled and the three planes peeled off, going into a long dive. "Close enough!" Johnny shouted. After flying low for ten minutes, Johnny spoke into his radio. "There it is, Eric. Straight ahead!"

Ahead were great oil refineries. "Wow!" cried Eric. "Their tanks are bigger than I thought!" He closed his cockpit window crying, "Goodbye fresh air," and Johnny did the same.

Flack began to come up, bursting all around them. The planes roared ahead. Three of the tanks exploded under the first stream of tracer bullets. The flames leaped high. The three Mustangs zoomed over and banked to the right and left, then came in for another run.

"Those tracers do jolly well without the shells!" cried Young.

"You said it!" Johnny returned. "But we'll give them the shells any way!" Five more runs had been made and flames rose hundreds of feet; they were seen miles away before Young noticed an enemy counter attack . . .

"Twenty, twenty-five, wow! There must be thirty or forty Jerries coming at us!" cried Young, the new pilot.

"There's nothing we can do about it but try to duck them!" Johnny shouted back.

The three Mustangs were easily overtaken by the enemy. Johnny made a run at one Nazi, firing at a tremendous speed. From ten to twenty Focke-Wulfs riddled Eric's Mustang from stem to stern.

Johnny banked away to go to Eric's aid and was by his cockpit when he saw Eric's body blown apart by the cannons of the Focke-Wulfs. Then the riddled Mustang rolled over in great smoke and flame and dived steeply.

Great columns of billowing black smoke and brilliantly red streaks of flame crossed the peaceful blue sky and scorched the white clouds; then the plane crashed into the waters of the channel below.

Numbly, Johnny tried to make radio contact with Young —then gasped in amazement to find that his own was the only American plane in the sky, for Young's plane had just been swallowed by the sea.

Johnny flew into the Nazi planes. Every time he fired, his bullets missed their mark. His eyes couldn't concentrate on the target in his sights; the enemy planes darted so quickly, weaving past him, their guns winking viciously as they passed. Three times already he had felt his plane lurch heavily as heavy caliber machinegun bullets slammed into the fuselage of his plane.

Finally, when Johnny was confused, weary, and beaten, he turned his plane desperately for England, then made for it as best he could.

The Nazi did not attempt to follow because most of them were out of ammunition and very low on fuel.

Bullets had severely damaged the plane, but the landing gear was in good shape, and Johnny had escaped physical injury. He could have made a good landing had he been in a normal condition but his landing gear was never even lowered as the Mustang sailed across the field.

When the officers and men saw the plane was over-

(Concluded on page 8)

GRAVEL AND GERTIE'S LOVELORN COLUMN

By Inez B. Collins

Dear Gertie,

I am in love with a boy who is very nice, but "Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat."

Helpless

Dear Helpless,

The thing for you to do is stop that boat from rocking. If the boat has rocked too long, the thing for you to do is go out and find a boat to rock.

Good sailing, and Ship Ahoy!

Gertie

Dear Gravel,

There are two boys in my life. I met one recently and I like him very much. One of them lives here and the other is in the navy. I can't make up my mind which of these I like. Must I drop both or must I continue with the two?

Worried

Dear Worried,

It seems as though every girl has two of the male species in her life, but according to your letter this other boy that you met recently doesn't live here and you know nothing about him.

Gravel

Dear Gertie,

I am a happy senior because I am finishing school, but I am confronted with this problem.

I am getting married and also would like to go on a vacation to Chicago. I can't do both. What shall I do?

Brown Eyes

Dear Brown Eyes,

The problem you have is a very simple one. I would advise you to get married as planned. Although you say that you couldn't go on a vacation in the summer and get married, have you ever had the slightest idea that Chicago would be in the same place in the years to come? You and your fiance have a lifetime to take vacations, and I might add, very happy ones too.

Gertie

Jabberwocky and Jive

"I'll Live True to You," croons Francis Thompson to Wilbert Moreland.

"At Last," sighs James Twine to Betty Gale Pierce.

"You're My Shining Hour," gloats Richard Fisher to Barbara Love.

"Things Ain't What They Used to Be," wails Betty Bryant to James Twine.

"I Was Only Making Believe," cries Gertrude Ward, disgustingly.

"I Love You," declares Shirley Ashby to Donald Bass.

"You Belong to My Heart," trills Betty Roulette happily to Chester Starkes.

"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," declares A. D. Davis to Gloria Smith.

"Its You That I'm Mad About," sings John Leslie to Juanita Everette.

"Somehow You're the One That I Care For," whispers Margaret Caples to Charles Jones.

"I'll Be Yours Forever," vows Willa M. McGee to Gilbert Hickman.

"I Don't Care Who Knows It," croaks Bobby Hemmit to Richard Adkins.

I SHALL MEET YOU IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 7)

shooting the field, they hurried to send an ambulance after it.

The riddled Mustang glided over the trees and smashed into two telegraph poles.

When the ambulance reached the plane the doctor found Johnny bent over in the cockpit, his head in his arms. For three months Johnny lay in a hospital in a small country town in England.

The week after he was able to travel he received an honorable army discharge after nearly two years of service.

Once in New York, Johnny wired home giving the exact time his train should arrive. His family wired back promising to meet him at the station. Kathleen wired back promising to meet him in "heaven," and sent as many kisses as space would allow.

Wartime travel spared no one those days and only through the greatest push and pull battles, squirm and squeeze methods, did Johnny finally obtain a seat near a window, and he ploped gratefully into it.

The sun was departing for the evening as the train neared the outskirts of Johnny's home town. Johnny gazed out over the pastures and meadows now as he did when he was returning from West Point. Moods of melancholy and surges of happiness mixed and moved lingeringly across his mind.

The remaining crimson sunlight flashed across his face and darted through the coach, through every crack and around every corner.

Johnny watched the crimson and blue sky, and the shadows settling over the meadows. He thought of home and Kathleen and happiness surged through his mind. He thought of Eric and sadness possessed him.

Listening carefully he could almost hear the beautiful melody "Danny Boy" as he had heard it with Kathleen on the hilltop. Back and forth the melody seemed to sway, beautifully and poignantly.

Once more Johnny gazed out over the meadows that he and Kathleen had ridden across just a week before he had left, and he saw Kathleen on horseback watching for him. As he raised the window to wave to her, she cried out to him and their eyes met in tenderness as the train rolled by toward the station. Neither of them could speak and both seemed perfectly content just to gaze into each other's eyes until the distance parted them as the train rounded the beautiful bend in Heaven.

"Dear Lord, we shall meet again in heaven, this heaven on earth," whispered Johnny.

THE END

APTITUDE TESTS . . .

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